# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

*Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.* *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 61. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 22.


### ROVER'S PETITION.

JAMES T. FIELD'S LAST POEM.

Kind traveler, do not pass me by,
And thus a poor old dog forsake;
But stop a moment on your way,
And hear my woe, for pity's sake.

My name is Rover—yonder house
Was once my home for many a year,
My master loved me, every hand
Caressed young Rover, far and near.

The children rode upon my back,
And I could hear my praises sung;
With joy I licked their pretty feet,
As round my shaggy sides they clung.

I watched them while they played or slept,
I gave them all I had to give,
My strength was theirs from morn till night,
For only them I cared to live.

Now I am old, and blind, and lame,
They've turned me out to die alone,
Without a shelter for my head,
Without a scrap of bread or bone.

This morning I can hardly crawl,
While shivering in the snow and hail,
My teeth are dropping one by one—
I scarce have strength to wag my tail.

I'm palsied grown with mortal pains
My withered limbs are useless now;
My voice is almost gone, you see,
And I can hardly make my bow.

Perhaps you'll lead me to a shed,
Where I may find some friendly straw
On which to rest my weary limbs,
And feel my helpless, broken paw.

Stranger, excuse this story long,
And pardon, pray, my last appeal:
You've owned a dog yourself, perhaps,
And learned that dogs, like men, can feel.

Yes, poor old Rover, come with me;
Food with warm shelter, I'll supply—
And Heaven forgive the cruel souls
Who drove you forth to starve and die!

# A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE seemed to be cut off from all chance of hearing even a vague public rumor with her lover's name in it.

An English newspaper rarely came in her way—nothing but the little *Swiss Times* was to be found on the tables at the Italian or Austrian hotels; and to the few English travellers with whom she had any intercourse she could not speak of her lover—of the man who had been so shamefully and cruelly branded among them.

The strain of daily disappointment grew too heavy; she sank into a dull listless apathy, following madame's lead meekly, but with an indifference which that lady allowed to pass without observation.

"Anything is better than a scene," she said. "This is a mood, one of the necessary stages towards convalescence in her kind of malady; still she must not lose her freshness; and she has been horribly pale of late. We will mount up to the Engadine when the weather gets warm, a little mountain air will bring back her complexion and drive away this languor.

"In the meantime she is perfectly uninteresting as a companion, and I am almost bored to death. If the object to be gained were not so very well worth while, I should be in despair.

"I am thankful, at all events, that she does not want to talk to me about that dreadful young Mervyn. The less he comes before her the more likely she is to drop out of it all quietly, without any fuss. I believe she is feeling the horror and disgrace of the whole thing more than she did at first. I really think she would have gone to him and identified herself with the *esclandre!* Such a step of course would have been irretrievable. His silence now will have convinced her that he is guilty and I can leave the cure to work itself in a natual way."

So madame argued as she sat on the Piazza at Venice, listening to the band and eating ices on moonlight nights, or floating luxuriously down the Grand Canal in the wake of the music gondola, whilst the sweet Italian voices woke up the echoes of the dreamy past in the sleeping marble palaces and the lights along the quays burned again in fiery stars deep down in a sapphire heaven below the water over which she glided.

Estelle, sitting silent by her side, soothed by the scene and by the haunting harmony, dreams her own dreams, with always one central figure in them.

How wistfully she tried to penetrate the mists of silence and separation! How loyally through them all she held her faith!

The handsome fair face, with the frank eyes so full of love, looked at her out of the starlit depths, sometimes tender and true, as she had seen it on that last day at St. Cloud, sometimes sad and weary, worn and suffering.

She pictured it in every phase, in every possible circumstance, excepting the one in which, if the darkly-flowing water had been the magician's glass, it would have revealed it to her.

The honest blue eyes were always full of love—in her dreams, love for her—they never softened or burned for the sister-siren friendship; they never looked with unconscious but fatal fascination into orbs which were not violet like Estelle's, but dark and dangerous, with depths which could lure an honest heart to a shipwreck of which faithful Estelle's dreams told her nothing.

As treacherous and delusive as the false heaven where only shadow-stars burned, as strong and subtle as its hidden current, was the influence to which Tempest Mervyn, in his loneliness and his bitterness, was yielding himself up.

* * * * * *

The household at Woodford Priory was breaking up.

Sir James and his daughters were bound for London for what remained of the season, and Lady Armstrong was bound for the seaside, although it was still only June.

Mr. Cooper ordered sea-air to perfect the still lingering cure of his patient.

Geordie got his long leave and decided to devote it to his friends, and Lady Armstrong, partly from a motherly solicitude for the lonely young fellow who had been thrown on her good offices, and needed them still, partly because she would not lose so much of Geordie's much-prized leave, would join the seaside circle.

And Christal?

Christal of course behaved with characteristic self-sacrifice. She turned her back upon the seductions of the season, upon all the gaieties which tempted Feena and Janet and chose the seaside when the seaside was flat, dull, and unprofitable, because she would not leave her aunt alone, because her patient might still need her, and because she was glad to help Lady Armstrong through what might be tedious time—three reasons which gained Sir James's unqualified approval, as Christal's reasons generally did.

"We poor worldlings are pleasing ourselves, and Christie is pleasing everybody else," Feena remarked.

"Mr. Mervyn quite brightened up when the decision was announced; and mamma always gets on with Christie. Oh, I am so glad we are moving at last! And it is a relief to have that unfortunate Mr. Mervyn comfortably disposed of without feeling that we are throwing him over.

"He is such a melancholy fellow. Of course I'm very sorry for him; but the truth is, we have been sat upon long enough by this tragedy of his.

"It has made us all miserable, and it has kept us in the country three weeks longer than usual, and one feels glad to have it lifted off. It is like a nightmare sitting on one's chest."

And Feena called the maid, whom she shared with Janet, and plunged into the questions of wardrobe and packing with a natural rebound from the subject which had occupied the family at Woodford Priory so long.

Geordie arrived in the highest possible spirits, big and boisterous, determined to shake Mervyn up and make him see things in a different light; and Mervyn, after a faint resistance and a feeble attempt at taking himself and his miserable story off the friendly hands which had ministered so devotedly to him, yielded, by no means unwillingly, to Geordie's and Christal's gentler inducements.

A month of bracing salt breeze brought him back, as Geordie had predicted, to a healthier frame of mind and a more robust condition of body.

It was a dangerous month, though; for, whether he was skimming over the waves in the graceful little yacht which he and Armstrong had chartered between them, or idling on the shore, or climbing the rugged cliff-paths, one presence was always with him, one influence always over him, sweet and subtle as a love-philtre, and yet so harmless-seeming all the while that, even as he drank deep draughts of the insidious sweetness, he never guessed at his power.

Then, as the sick, morbid brooding cleared away, a keener sense of injury and of wrong stirred within him.

At times a passionate jealousy of indignation for the fickle love which had deserted him in his adversity, or had accepted his tacit resignation without a remonstrance, swept over him.

How could he help contrasting this love with the brave friendship which had come to his side in the hour of his deepest humiliation and had stood by him through his worst need?

How could he help turning with warm gratitude to that generous and all-too-fascinating friendship?

He talked a good deal about friendship in those days, and, with a certain bitterness which Geordie interpreted in his own way, of love too.

"Poor old fellow," said Lieutenant Armstrong confidentially to Christal, "he has been hard hit. There was somebody over in Paris, I believe—we all thought so last year when he came back. And he was so eager to get over there again. Some fascinating Frenchman, no doubt, who has thrown him over now that he is down on his luck! Just like 'em!" concluded British Geordie. "Perhaps that was what the row with the old General meant. He wouldn't have been likely to submit to a French daughter-in-law."

"I suppose not" Christal answered carelessly.

"Geordie, Geordie!" called Lady Armstrong.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Geordie in gruff sailor tones, rolling across the deck—they were out for a cruise in the yacht.

"It looks very wild!" said timid Lady Armstrong. "And how the wind is rising! I think we are going to have a storm."

"Just a cupful of wind," answered Geordie reassuringly.

"Don't turn back at once!" entreated his mother. "I know what sailors call a cupful of wind; and—and I don't like it."

"I am afraid we can't turn back," said Geordie; "the wind is dead against us. We must run on to Fishport. We can get back by railway from there, you know."

Lady Armstrong cast a trembling glance at the stormy sky and another at the waves, which were lashing themselves up under a fierce sweeping wind.

"I think I'll go down below," she said faintly, turning from the terrifying spectacle and taking Geordie's arm across the slippery deck.

He conducted her carefully down the companion-ladder into the tiny ladies' saloon and remained a few minutes chatting and laughing, to bring back her courage.

In those few minutes the cupful of wind swelled into a very respectable gale.

The little craft bore herself bravely, flying before the wind and lying almost on her starboard side as she flew, while Christal holding on to the shrouds, stood looking out over the rising tumult of wind and wave, with a kindling light in her eyes, as if the war of nature stirred some hidden sympathies unguessed at beneath the white calm of her ordinary bearing.

A wave larger than its fellows dashed up and swept, seething and hissing, over her feet.

"You had better go down!" Mervyn exclaimed, hastening across to her as she shook the drops off her serge skirts.

"It is glorious?" she whispered under her breath, the faint tinge of color which marked emotion in her coming and going in her cheeks. "It is glorious!"

Then, as Geordie's voice and step sounded behind her, the emotion vanished, the wild-rose tint faded, and Tempest felt all the interest of the flattering consciousness that to him alone was permitted a glimpse of that inner soul, that sweet mystery which was not for common revealing.

"How wet you are!" said Geordie, as with cousinly freedom he tucked her arms under his. "Whew!"—staggered under the buffet of another big wave. "That was a rouser! Come down below, Christie; this is a little too much, even for your plucky seamanship."

Christal obeyed reluctantly, and with a lingering parting glance at the magnificent storm-waves.

A loud peal of thunder, followed by a blinding flash, brought Lady Armstrong's nervousness to a crisis; and Christal was too fully occupied in soothing her hysterical terror to watch the progress of the storm.

The spirits of the two amateur sailors rose with the excitement of the struggle and the touch of danger which made it real.

"She is behaving splendidly!" roared Geordie joyously to his friend, as the little yacht flew over the huge billows, poising herself like a sea-bird on their foam-crests, and diving fearlessly into the black depths of water as if she, like her masters, enjoyed the wrestle with the storm-fiend.

"This is fearful! We shall all be lost!" sobbed Lady Armstrong when the wild din was at its wildest, the angry roar of the thunder, the crash of the bursting waves, and the wild revels of the raving winds stunning her ears.

Sometimes it was Geordie's voice which shouted its cheering message down the companion-ladder, sometimes Mervyn's, and by turns one or the other, dripping like a wet Newfoundland dog, would appear for a moment in the little saloon and reassure the frightened lady.

By-and-by these visits grew longer between, whilst the din and clamor of the tempest waxed louder and louder and the hoarse cries of the little crew overhead, the trampling of heavy feet, and the harsh grating of ropes and chains added to the confusion and terror.

"Something dreadful is happening! We are going down!" sobbed Lady Armstrong, as the little vessel rose up and shook herself until every timber creaked and every rope strained. "Geordie, Geordie!"—desperately.

"All right!" sang out Geordie's voice presently from the top of the companion-ladder. But he came no farther this time.

"What is the matter?" cried his mother. "What are those dreadful noises?"

"We are tacking," answered Geordie; "the wind has shifted."

"Are we near Fishport?"

"Not very near yet."

"When will this dreadful storm be over?"

"Won't be long now," answered her son. "We've had the worst of it. Cheer up, my lady!"

Even as he spoke a gleam of sunlight flashed over the skylight—a sort of wan, ominous gleam which made Christal shudder. The wind, which had raged so tempestuously just before, lulled all at once. It was as if the storm held its breath, like a passionate child, in its paroxysms of temper. Lady Armstrong sat up and heaved a sigh of relief.

"It is over," said she. "How thankful I am! Christie"—with a startled look up at her—"why do you look like that? The storm is over."

"Hush!" whispered Christal, with uplifted hand and livid trembling lips—Christal who had been so brave until now. "Hush!"

There was a rush across the deck—a voiceless, breathless rush, unlike anything that had gone before—an awful silent pause more terrible than the wildest outcry; and then the words rang out, deep and, solemn as a funeral knell—

"Man overboard!"

Christal had waited for those words with her clenched hands pressed tightly over her wildly beating heart.

In an instant she sprang up the companion-ladder to the deck, heedless of the drenching water which rushed like a flood, heedless of her own danger as the vessel lurched heavily from side to side.

A dull sullen wave rolled slowly past, and on its crest there floated a fair face upturned to the pale sunlight—the face of Tempest Morvyn!

## CHAPTER XII.

THE little valley of Pontresina sparkled and glittered in the sunshine of a July day.

Something in the crisp keen mountain air frolicked in the blood like champagne and sent it tingling and dancing through the veins of the little colony of strangers gathered together in the cosmopolitan village.

The omnibusses clattered merrily up and down the narrow stony street, the busy drivers calling to each other in polyglot tongues—Italian, French, and German; the lower green hills laughed in the sunshine; even the little river, which ran crisping and leaping below the flower-meadows, tossed its white spray in rainbow wreaths upwards towards the sun, like a river at play.

There was something perfectly irresistible in the joyous impetus of the sun and air; and a fair young English face lighted up into radiant loveliness as its owner stood on the bridge leading to the shady walk across the river, looking over the glittering beauty of the scene and drinking in the clear sparkling air.

She came slowly up the hill presently towards the village, turning now and again to look back upon the exquisite picture—the valley flooded with golden light, the green hills beyond, and, higher still, the blue-black waves of pine-wood rolling upwards like dense dark thunderclouds to where the solemn presence of the great snow-mountain rose in an awful white majesty above their surging purple crests.

Estelle—for it was she—caught her breath, and her soul bowed down before the awful emblem of eternal power and purity.

And, whilst she stood thus moved, a travelling-carriage drawn by four horses dashed up the road from Samaden, and stopped before the door of a grand new hotel.

"There has been an imposing arrival," laughed a young American lady who was coming down the hill, and who stopped to speak to Estelle. "I did not stay to hear the nationality, but it must be either a European prince or a New York shoddy-merchant; nothing between the two would travel in such state."

Estelle, disturbed by no misgiving, lingered in her walk, turning aside to fill her hands with the brilliant wild-flowers which sparkled like jewels in the green setting of the—as yet—unreaped meadows, and stopping again to admire the picturesque group of Bergamese peasants, come up to cut the hay, resting on the steps of the little white church in the village street, their brown sun-touched faces and bits of bright color—so dear to the Italian heart—lighting up their sordid rags, showing in artistic contrast against the stone background.

A lady-artist who had set up her easel in the quiet street caught the graceful pose of the fair dainty young English lady, and sketched her in with the handsome unkempt Bergamese brunette who was cooling her hot olive cheek against the white wall.

Florine was in Estelle's room at the hotel shaking out a soft white dress from one of the trunks, and making up pale blue bows to go with it.

"Some one has arrived," the maid began; and the flowers dropped from Estelle's hands, whilst a wild hope fluttered from her heart to her lips.

Was it—he? Had he come at last—the "he" who was always in her thoughts?

"Madame sent me to arrange the toilette of mademoiselle," Florine said, with a look of reproach in her large dark eyes—for Florine's sympathies had all been on the side of the gallant young English gentleman.

"The dinner-bell will sound soon, and madame would have mademoiselle at her best, since Monsieur de Grandvilliers dines with her!"—this with an almost imperceptible toss of her head.

"Monsieur de Grandvilliers!"

Estelle caught at the back of the nearest chair. Was it only Monsieur de Grandvilliers?

For a moment the disappointment was almost too bitter, and all the anguish, the suspense of the last three months seemed to gather in a flood and roll over her heart at once.

Florine's keen bright eyes watched her as she struggled for composure again, and the rigid pressure of her rosy lips relaxed.

After all, perhaps it was not with her own will that mademoiselle had broken with charming Monsieur Mervine; it might be that madame, who was the young lady's guardian, would make another marriage for her; and if so, what could she do?

A demoiselle of her young lady's rank could not choose.

Florine shrugged her pretty shoulders and pouted her red lips and thanked Heaven that she at least could make her own choice.

She would not like to marry a wicked, ugly old man—no, not if he were twenty times a duke, and could cover her with diamonds—whilst that other, who was so blond, so young, so adorable, and, Florine felt sure, so faithful and devoted, was left to break his heart.

Ah, this poor mademoiselle! How white she was!

And only this morning Florine had said that her roses had come back in the Engadine air.

The light blue would not go with that face of snow.

Florine must trim the dress of mademoiselle with rose-color.

Madame would be angry if her young lady looked like a ghost in the presence of Monsieur le Duc.

"Ah, the ugly monster!"

Florine bit off the end of her thread with as vicious a snap as if it had been the head of Monsieur de Grandvilliers.

She shook her own head—the pretty head with the coquettish little curls of raven-black hair—as she watched mademoiselle floating languidly, in her white dress down the long wooden corridors when the sound of the dinner-bell echoed through the hotel, and her eyes flashed with a mutinous fire.

"In her place I would—I would—run away!" she said, clenching her hands and dropping her voice, bold as she was, in awe at her own audacious suggestion. "I would run away—yes—to England—to my own lover. It would be compromising perhaps; it would be hazardous; but it would not matter so much in England!"—that country being like some savage unexplored region to the imagination of the little Parisian *soubrette*. "And how can one live if one is not happy?" she concluded, as she rearranged the simple toilette-table.

Estelle had allowed Florine to array her in the rose-colored ribbons and fresh white dress, too occupied with her own emotions even to remark the special pains which the maid, who could not forego her instincts took with her task.

A sickening dread, a too sure presentiment connected this sudden appearance of Monsieur de Grandvilliers with herself.

The shock of her disappointment just now had left her trembling and unnerved, and she could find no excuse at the moment for absenting herself from the dinner-table, or she would certainly have done so.

It was all in vain that she scolded herself, that she tried to believe the Duke's arrival to be an accidental circumstance which could have no influence on her destinies; she could not master the agitation which made her limbs tremble and her cheeks flush as Monsieur de Grandvilliers came forward to meet her and conduct her to her place at her aunt's side.

Her self-control seemed suddenly to have deserted her; she could hardly lift her eyes at the table, and she was miserably conscious that all this must attract the comments of the other hotel guests, and that the inference, in connection with Monsieur de Grandvillier's marked attentions, could hardly fail to give the most false impression of their relations.

The Duke seemed bent on placarding his pretensions.

He was flattered and encouraged by her consciousness, and whispered his compliments and devoted himself to her, whilst Madame de Rougemont, smiling and elated conversed with her next neighbor, as if to leave the two to each other.

Estelle felt herself being drawn into some hopeless entanglement, helpless, despairing, in the hands of these two, who seemed to her in her nervous excitement to possess some dreadful and irresistible power which she was quite unable to struggle successfully against.

Tempest's fears and forebodings were, after all, prophetic.

She was here, a helpless girl in this far away place, amongst strangers, with no one to appeal to, no one to protect her, and just now, with her nerves prostrated by long anxiety, utterly unable to resist or cope with the overwhelming forces brought to bear against her.

"One needs not to ask if the air of the Engadine has been good for mademoiselle," Monsieur de Grandvillier's voice broke in upon her terrified thought. "She is blooming like one of the brilliant flowers for which these mountain valleys are so renowned."

The soft suave voice, so delicately modulated, made Estelle shudder; it reminded her of the sleek sinuous trial of a serpent; and the Duke's small head with the smooth shining black hair and the glittering dark eyes which seemed to dart into her very soul and read its secrets added to the terrified fancy.

She rose up, when the long interminable dinner with its many courses was ended, shivering, with a paralysing terror.

The company gathered in the hot lighted salon or patrolled the long passage, Madame de Rougemont the centre of a very admiring group, brilliant and conversational, and Estelle shrinking from, but chained by some subtle and overpowering spell to Monsieur de Grandvilliers' side.

She longed to flee away, to hide herself in her own room, to lock and bar her door, and draw breath there in safety; but she could not escape without conspicuous ill-breeding from the Duke's close attendance and from the pretence of exclusive appropriation which made her burn with indignant shame in her helplessness.

The guests withdrew themselves directly from the neighborhood of the two who seemed to have such a special and interesting mutual understanding, and Estelle's misery increased every moment.

She was obliged to command herself to bow and reply in monosyllables to those low sentences which Monsieur de Grandvilliers' manner made so much more important than the words deserved.

If he would only make them a little more important, she thought at last in her despair—if he would only give her the opportunity of telling him plainly how painful the position into which he had forced her was, and allow her to put an end to what was so infinitely distressing to her!

But Monsieur de Grandvilliers knew the tactics of the situation to well to force a decisive movement; his present object was simply to assert himself so publicly as to make a retreat difficult, to strengthen his advance step by step, like a wary and experienced general who was covering new ground.

He had heard something of English modes of wooing and matrimonial etiquette very different from the formal arrangements of French marriages, and he was anxious to consult the prejudices of the young English lady whom he destined for the sharer of his coronet.

Perhaps too he recognized in the pure, simple, real nature something very different from the types of which he had had large experience, and felt instinctively that this one was to be approached with more care and caution than some of those others.

"After all, it is only the outward crust, no doubt," he told himself. "The women are all of the same pattern at heart, only these English are so very prudish at first. The little one is timid perhaps, or she is clever, and she will not seem to yield too soon.

"I must even humor her. Apparently the other man is out of the way, and the road is unencumbered. Forward then, and the victory is ours!"

Madame de Rougemont had summoned him, fearing to exhaust his patience by too long delay, and, misinterpreting Estelle's patient silence and the involuntary brightening which had come to her in the invigorating mountain air, madame believed that the time for the ripening of her schemes was come.

Estelle would be glad to be roused from her dreary lassitude by a new and exciting interest, and madame trusted to her own powers to present the great alliance in such brilliant colors as would be irresistible to a young girl whose dream of love had been rudely broken, and whose heart was now empty and ready for the more solid and satisfying solace of worldly ambition.

She was quite unprepared for the burst of passionate and despairing opposition with which Estelle received her complacent introduction of the subject.

"Such a magnificent offer! My dear Estelle, you are indeed a fortunate girl! All Paris will be envying you. Monsieur le Duc's proposals are princely; you will have one of the first positions in society—and, without flattering you, my child, you will adorn it charmingly. Monsieur de Grandvilliers is lavishly liberal in settlements; he is perfectly devoted to you—madly in love, in fact—and he spares nothing to show his devotion. He has behaved too with the greatest consideration and delicacy, enough to win any girl's heart. He has admired you a long time. Before we left Paris he made me a formal proposal for your hand after the French fashion. I begged him to wait. You were not in spirits then, and I wished to bring you away and to give you time to recover. Impatient as he was, Monsieur de Grandvilliers is too sincere a lover to press his claims at an inconvenient moment, and he has waited, as you see, a time which must have seemed an age to him, until I could invite him to renew his proposals. I wrote to him only on Wednesday, and, you see, he came as rapidly as he could travel, flying upon the wings of love"—madame was growing poetical in her excitement. "Your reception of him was most gratifying. He has begged me to entreat you to confirm his happiness without any further delay."

"You brought him here? You encouraged Monsieur de Grandvilliers to believe that I—I would marry him?" Estelle exclaimed in breathless dismay.

"Yes. He applied to me first, according to French usage, as I told you. It is always done in France. Monsieur de Grandvilliers would have thought it highly indelicate to address you in the first instance. A young girl is supposed to submit herself entirely to the judgment of her elders in these matters—and it is a good thing too. I wish we were equally sensible in England!" madame added mentally, with a misgiving that all was not going to run quite smoothly with the young girl before her.

"You should have told him that I could not, that it was impossible, at the very first!" cried Estelle. "Why did you bring him here? Oh, he should not have been allowed to come!"

"Impossible?" echoed madame. "What do you mean, Estelle? Do you not understand? Monsieur le Duc de Grandvilliers, one of the richest and most distinguished men in France even in these Republican times, makes you such an offer as no girl of your position and means ever perhaps received before, which the best families in Paris covet—an offer so splendid, so generous, so absolutely unexceptionable—and you tell me it is impossible! Oh, my dear child, I must have misunderstood you!"

"I cannot marry him!" Estelle replied, quite unmoved by madame's enthusiastic description.

"You cannot marry him? He is devoted to you. You will be the happiest woman in the world, with every desire gratified, your husband thoroughly in love with you, the handsomest hotel in Paris, a chateau in Normandy, a winter-palace in Italy, the finest horses and most perfect equipage in Paris, your opera-box, the most elegant toilettes and the Grandvilliers jewels which are almost as magnificent as the poor dear Empress's.

"Are these things to be refused or hesitated over?" cried madame indignantly.

"You should have told me at once, and Monsieur de Grandvilliers could have had his answer before we left Paris," Estelle insisted. "It was not treating him properly to keep him so long, and to let him come here under false pretences."

"You are startled; you are taken by surprise," madame said soothingly. "I can understand all that.

"Monsieur le Duc is too good to hurry you; I ought to have prepared you a little. Still I am not sorry I did not. You received him charmingly, with all the modesty of a young girl and a little of the consciousness which is so gratifying to a lover.

"A little more would have spoilt you, my dear; but you were perfectly lovely to-night. Monsieur de Grandvilliers whispered as much to me. Give him the opportunity of making himself agreeable to you; he can be so charming! He is a man of spirit, of talent, of finished grace and culture; when you know him better——"

"Oh, no—no!" Estelle cried. "Tell him at once that it is quite useless, that I am very sorry; he does me a great honor, I suppose, but I—I am ungrateful, if you like. Do not let me see him again."

"Nonsense!" said madame, beginning to lose patience. "One cannot send him away like that! You must not behave like a child who is frightened at her first serious offer of marriage; it is not reasonable, it is not dignified. You are shy, timid; it is very becoming, and Monsieur le Duc will make all due allowances for it.

"After a day or two you will be more composed, and you will be able to think of all you would throw from you now.

"Oh, my child, how angry you would be with me by-and-by if I were to take you at your word now and send away the best chances you can ever have!" And madame laughed pleasantly, whilst Estelle burst into passionate tears.

"Why will you not understand?" she said, weeping. "I am not a child. I know all I am refusing. I cannot and I will not marry this man!"

"Are you mad?" Madame de Rougemont asked, angry at last, and a little frightened too.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# The Other Candidate.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"WHAT a nice time you'll have Clara, spending the winter in Washington with your pa."

"It's not so certain pa's going back to Washington," returned the other, with a touch of pique in her tone.

"Oh that's as good as settled," answered Grace Richie. "Why he's been in Congress as long as we can both remember, and what's to hinder his going again?"

Clara Winthorp's pretty pleasant face came as near being darkened by a frown as its native brightness would permit.

"You see that Frank Hayward——" she began.

"The opposition candidate, you mean?" interrupted Grace.

"Yes; they say he goes about advocating all manner of new-fangled notions, and carries a good many people with him by his demagogue speeches. I've no doubt, though I don't know it positively, that he called dear pa an 'old fogy,' and abuses him in all sorts of ways."

"The hateful thing!" broke out Grace, "He must be some soured old bachelor, who has taken to politics to ease his mind."

"As to the bachelor part, your conjecture is right, I'm informed; as to his being old and soured, and ugly to boot, I'm quite ready to believe it," said, Clara.

And for half-an-hour the pair of young politicians belabored Frank Hayward in a way that was not complimentary.

But the dearest friends must part.

Clara and Grace were on their way home from boarding-school, where they had just "finished;" and when the stage-coach reached the point where their several ways diverged, they separated with the usual protestations of eternal friendship and promises of daily correspondence.

After parting with her friend, Clara was left with a single fellow-passenger, a handsome intelligent-looking gentleman of about thirty, who had listened with more interest than they had noted to the conversation of the schoolmates, especially to the political part, which had more than once brought an amused smile to his face.

Now that they were alone together, his demeanor towards Clara was that happy

mixture of politeness and reserve, possible only to the thorough gentleman.

Late in the afternoon two more passengers were added—a couple of rough-looking men, who bestowed themselves in the front seat, and after staring Clara out of countenance, fell into a conversation between themselves of no particular significance.

The road, for some hours, had lain through a thinly settled country; and the few houses seen were very uninviting in appearance.

The driver stopped before one of them, and coming to the coach window, thus addressed the occupants—

"I am very sorry, Miss and gentlemen, it's turned out so, but the off leader has quite give in, and can't go any further to-night. But the gentleman that keeps this house is a friend of mine that will give you as good a supper and night's lodging as you will find anywhere."

Clara looked frightened at this announcement.

The house was even meaner and ruder in appearance than those they had already passed.

The last two passengers acquiesced readily in the driver's proposal to stop over night; but the gentleman whose civility had already won Clara's confidence, and to whom she now looked appealingly, remonstrated vigorously.

He even got out, and inspected the disabled animal for himself.

"You see how it is," said the driver, touching the horse's foreleg with his whip.

Whereupon the brute promptly went lame, like a circus-horse at the ring-master's signal.

Seeing there was no alternative, the gentleman assisted Clara to alight, and all were soon inside the rude but spacious cabin, whose inmates, consisting of the proprietor, his wife, and two strapping sons, gave the guests a rough but hearty welcome.

After a supper, which did not wholly fail to justify the driver's commendation, the gentlemanly passenger took it upon him to see that Clara was provided with a suitable apartment, to which she soon retired.

After listening for a while to a chat struck up between the driver and the host, the gentleman asked to be shown to his own quarters which he found to be a small room in the garret.

The door was without fastening, as indeed were all those belonging to the house, not excepting the outer.

Leaving the greasy lamp burning which had been left upon the window-ledge, he threw himself on the bed without undressing.

For a time he felt no inclination to sleep; but the fatigue of the day's journey brought drowsiness at last, and he fell into a slumber, from which he was awakened by a sound like a suppressed shriek.

At first he fancied it was dream; but his next thought—and it came like a flash—was of the young lady.

Nor were his fears abated by the sound of low muttered voices in the direction of her chamber.

He sprang from the bed and caught up the lamp which gave its last flicker as he did so.

Placing it aside he hurried quickly but noiselessly down the ladder which led to the floor below.

A few hasty steps brought him to Clara's door, which stood partially ajar.

Through the opening a sigh met him which first chilled and then fired his blood.

Clara Winthorp stood in her night dress between the two ill looking passengers, each of whom grasped an arm.

"Come, Miss," said one of them, "we must have your money an' jewels, an' if you squeak again, this here's what'll settle you," pointing a pistol at her head.

With a single bound our gentleman was in striking distance, and with two heavy blows, dealt with a rapidity and skill that did ample credit to his boxing master, he stretched the two ruffians sprawling on the floor.

Then snatching up the pistol which one of them had dropped, he offered to shoot the first that moved.

Clara stood pale and trembling, but did not faint.

Women seldom do till all the danger is over, and the situation here was still critical.

If the driver, the host, and his sons, as seemed likely enough, were in league with the robbers, the latter would soon be reinforced and resistance be hopeless.

It was but a moment, indeed, till the four other male inmates of the house, with the driver at their head burst into the room.

"Hallo!" shouted the latter — "what's them two been up to!"—pointing to the cowering pair on the floor, who had not dared to budge for fear of the pistol.

There was an honest ring in the man's voice which at once dispelled suspicion.

True, he had played off a little trick for the benefit of his friend's house, but beyond that had intended nothing wrong.

A word explained all, and with the help of the newcomers the villains were speedily secured.

Clara and her new acquaintance parted in the morning at the next stopping-place.

She would have liked to ask the gentleman his name, but somehow felt a delicacy in doing so, as he had neither asked hers, nor seemed inclined to disclose his own.

To her earnest thanks, he only answered—

"Any gentleman would have done as much."

A few days later a public discussion was to take place between Mr. Winthorp and his opponent.

Every body attended, the ladies included. Of course Clara was there; for she not only felt a deep interest in her father's success but especially desired to see that hateful Frank Hayward get his due.

The arrangement was that Mr. Hayward should speak first.

When that gentleman stepped forward and made his opening bow, Clara gave a start of surprise, and then blushed crimson.

Pencilling a few hurried lines, she had them carried to her father, who sat waiting his turn to speak.

Frank Hayward's speech was a bold and manly utterance of his views, with not a word which even Clara could construe as disparaging to her father.

When Mr. Winthrop rose his words were a great surprise to all.

"I trust my friends will pardon me," he said, "if I beg permission to withdraw from this contest, and solicit their support for the gentleman who was just concluded. There is no great principle at stake, and after so many years of service I may ask a little rest, and I have the best of reasons for believing that the public interest could not be trusted to safer hands than those of Mr. Frank Hayward."

Then, in his best style, he related the recent incident of his daughter's rescue, the hero of which he had just discovered was the worthy opponent he had come there to meet.

A month later Grace Ritchie received a letter from her friend, an extract from which will serve to wind up our story—

"So I am going to Washington after all. Mr. Hayward and I—told you at the time of papa's withdrawal in his favor—are to be married next month. So of course you must be first bridesmaid.

"P. S. What fun it'll be to see you blush when you meet Mr. H., and remember the going-over we gave him to his face in the coach that day."

# The Dilemma.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I.

STRAUSS was playing a waltz from Robert le Diable, and the best blood of Austria was stirred in its haughty veins by the divinity of his incomparable instrument. It is, after all, a world of some equality. The peasants of Hietzing, and the Viennese of the Volksgarten danced almost nightly to the same witchery by the same witching player; and, in that waltzing and music-loving nation, the most refined and vanishing cadence of the great master was as thrillingly felt in the gardens of the suburb as to-night in the royal palace of Schoenbrunn.

The great saloon, with its pillars of porphyry and rosy goddesses in fresco, was deluged in a blaze of light, common (as the attache at your elbow will tell you, lady!) to but two saloons in the polite known world—this, in which is laid the scene of our story, and another in the Palazzo Pitti of the Florentine. The white walls of Almack's, I must need say, are Cimmerian-dark in comparison.

It was light within—lighter than day. But on the marble terrace, and in the broad alleys of the imperial gardens, it was shadowy and starlight, and cool as the nights are even in June. Come out with me to the terrace of roses, and I will show the heroine, perhaps the hero, of my story.

What breath of heaven has the rose to-night! Now, slowly, and look well at the promenaders as they pass! She will be here, where the wind stirs freshest.

And between two worshipping lovers, leaning confidingly on each, came the Countess Ermengarde up the terrace of roses.

She was looking at the stairs, and the younger of the two gentlemen was not. The elder wore the gold key of a chamberlain at his side, and a diamond cross of honor at his breast, and, with hair slightly touched with gray, but eyes of undimmed enthusiasm and lustre, he discoursed of the stars to the loveliest lady ever cradled on the banks of the Danube.

"They are but gates to the source of light and life, lady," he said, "and we shall pass through them as we are now passing through this world, in an ascending order of existences."

A strain of a waltz poured out upon the air, that might have stirred St. Maddalene in her grave.

"Cousin!" said the younger gentleman for the third time to the fair listener, pressing her arm impatiently, and looking toward the blazing windows of the palace.

"Hear what the baron says my dear Maximilian!"

"There is grave reason to believe," continued the chamberlain, "that there are lesser worlds than ours, full of sentient and immortal beings, who are destined to rise to this world in their progression, as we have risen from theirs, and shall still rise to a higher and better; and this explains—"

"Fair cousin," interrupted the young gentleman, leaving the lady's arm, and putting himself, with a semi-circular step directly in her path, "will you do me the honor to take a single turn in the dance before this divine waltz ceases for ever?"

The lady quietly laid her arm within that of the impatient boy, turned him again to her side, and putting her slight foot forward, as if to recommence their saunteering promenade, requested their baron to proceed.

"Fairest Meina!" said Count Max, dashing from the side of his cousin, and springing to the hand of the blue-eyed girl who stood with her mother by a vase of flowering cactus, "you are a truant to the waltz."

And away they flew to the dazzling hall, and while the pleased mother followed more slowly, the baron moved on with his fairer companion, explaining, with the increased confidence of a tete-a-tete his theory of intimations of a previous existence.

And the Lady Ermengarde heard not one syllable of it all!

II.

Two mortal weeks, seven days each and seven nights, had given themselves and their events into the hands of history, and the Countess Ermengarde sat in a verandah of her own chateau upon the Danube, looking sometimes at a bow of a moon new bent in the sky, and sometimes up an avenue by which might arrive, at that dewy hour, a slovenly lad in the livery of her noble house, bringing empty or otherwise, (as pleased Providence) a post-bag.

The lady's thoughts had just wandered from a certain theory of the musical order of the stars (mentioned by Pythagoras) to a certain spot, which shall be mentioned presently, on the Rhine, when the clatter of hoofs came up the avenue and the post-bag was safely delivered of two letters.

* * * * * *

It will be rather abrupt to mention here that the Baron Asterisk Von Asterisk was a man who deserved well of his country. He had deep, wild, unfathomable German eyes, full of blue sky and enthusiasm, and, besides being the right-hand man of Metternich, he was (what required study less profound) a most passionate reader of the stars. These two qualities had taken up their abode in a very eligible tenement, and the baron (Count Maximilian Von Luristein could not well deny it) was excessively handsome.

It will seem scarce apropos again to remark, that the younger of the two lovers mentioned in the opening of this grave tale was the Lady Ermengarde's cousin (as cousins go in Germany)—that he was nineteen, (a year older than herself,) very good-looking, very wild and good-for-nothing, a student at Heidelberg, and terribly in love.

The Countess Ermengarde read her letters.

"DEAREST LADY.—The star which winds my destiny within its golden sphere is in fortunate conjunction. I have waited for it with the impatience of love, and hasten ere it sets to offer you the heart, hand, and name of Asterisk Von Asterisk. Need I say more? We will read the sparkling wisdom of the sky together in the turrets of Castle Asterisk. Devotedly, dearest lady, your own.

ASTERISK VON ASTERISK."

The Lady Ermengarde pressed the letter in her hand, and sat lost in thought. She was an orphan, and the mistress of herself and the broad estates of the noblest house of Austria.

The baron was handsome—very, very handsome! and would probably be the successor of Metternich. Ambition whispered with a most cunning witchery in her ear!

Poor Count Maximilian Von Luristein!

She opened the letter. It was from her newly-departed cousin, dated at the university of Heidelberg, and contained a copy of verses, and something at the bottom which the Lady Ermengarde alone (they had learned the art of writing together) had skill to decipher.

The lady read on with a smile, but with a beating heart.

TO FAIREST ERMENGARDE.

I know not if the sunshine waste—
The world is dark since thou art gone!
The hours are, oh! so leaden-paced!
The birds sing, and the stars float on,
But sing not well, and look not fair—
A weight is in the summer air,
And sadness in the sight of flowers,
And if I go where others smile,
Their love but makes me think of ours,
And heaven gets my heart the while,
Like one upon a desert isle
I languish of the weary hours;
I never thought a life could be
So flung upon one hope, as mine, dear love, on thee!

I sit and watch the summer sky,
There comes a cloud through heaven alone,
A thousand stars are shining nigh—
It feels no light, but darkles on!
Yet now it nears the loveliest moon,
And, flushing through its fringe of snow,
There steals a rosier dye, and soon
Its bosom is one fiery glow!
The queen of night within it lies.
Yet mark! how lovers meet to part!
The cloud already onward flies,
And shadows sink into its heart,
And, (dost thou see them where thou art?)
Fade fast, fade all those glorious dyes!
Its light, like mine, is seen no more,
And, like my own, its heart seems darker than before!

Where press this hour those fairy feet?
Where look this hour those eyes of blue?
What music in thine ear is sweet?
What odor breathes thy lattice through?
What word is on thy lip? What tone—
What look—replying to thine own!
Thy steps along the Danube stray—
Alas! it seeks an orient sea!
Thou wouldst not seem so far away,
Flow'd but its waters back to me!
I bless the slowly-coming moon
Because its eye look'd late in thine;
I envy the west wind of June
Whose wings will bear it up the Rhine;
The flower I press upon my brow
Were sweeter if its like perfumed thy chamber now!

The Lady Ermengarde dropped the fair hand which held the letter of the passionate boy, across the almost fairer hand which held that of the astrological baron, with the tender pleasure from those caressing verses still warm on her heart and lips, endeavored to resolve her dilemma.

As it was a struggle between love and ambition, I do not well see the propriety of stating the result. I know very well what you would like, Madamoiselle! but I am not so sure that it would be popular with your venerable aunt. I shall leave you to resolve the dilemma on your own responsibility.

# Bric-a-Brac.

ELECTRICITY AND BLEACHING.—A French inventor has patented an application of the electric light to bleaching of textile and other substances.

ON THE GLOW-WORM.—In the Royal Library in Spain, there are three folio volumes, the Academy of History, which treat of nothing but the origin of the Spanish and Portuguese name for the glow-worm They are dedicated to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, to each of whom there is a separate dedication.

A TRACK ON TREES.—In the upper part of Sonoma county, Cal., a railroad track crosses a deep ravine upon the upright trunks of tall trees, which have been sawed off upon a horizontal line. In the centre of the ravine a firth support is furnished by two huge redwood trees, which have been lopped off seventy-five feet above the ground.

WAGERS.—A man once fell down in a fit at the door of White's club-house, a famous resort of gambling noblemen and gentlemen, at the west end of London. He was carried into the club-house, and bets were immediately laid whether he was dead or not. As they were going to bleed him, the wagerers on his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.

ACCOMMODATING DISPOSITION.—A jailor in Oxfordshire, who was remarkably humane to his prisoners, said to one of them, "My good friend, you know you are to be hanged on Friday fortnight. I want extremely to go to London; would you be so kind as to be hanged next Friday?" "With the greatest pleasure, to oblige you," rejoined the complaisant convict, who was accordingly suspended.

BORROWING BOOKS.—Henry V. was a learned prince, but he had the bad habit of borrowing books and never returning them. After his death a petition was sent to the Regency by the Lady Westmoreland, his relative, praying that her "Chronicles of Jerusalem" and the "Expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne," borrowed of her by the late King, might be returned. The Prior of Christ Church, likewise, in a most pitiable complaint, said that he had lent to his dear lord, King Henry, the works of St. Gregory, but they had never been restored to him, their rightful owner.

PRAYING MACHINES.—A machine which the Buddhists make use of to simplify their devotional activity is a large barrel turning on an axis. It is made of thick pasteboard, fabricated of innumerable sheets of paper pasted one on another, and upon which are written in Thibetan characters the prayers most in fashion. Those who have not sufficient zeal or sufficient strength to place on their backs an immense load of books, and prostrate themselves at every step in the mud, adopt this easier method, and the devout can then eat, and drink, and sleep, at their ease, while the complaisant machine does all their praying for them.

A WOMAN FREEMASON.—The only lady Freemason there ever was, was a cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, governor of St. Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes. Miss St. Leger married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatre, in Dublin or Cork, for the Masonic Female Asylum, she walked at the head of the freemasons, with her apron and other insignia of freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage-box. The house was always crowded on those occasions. Her portrait is in the lodge-room of almost every lodge in Ireland. Her example shows that a woman can keep a secret.

KING CHARLES.—When the merry Monarch visited Doctor Busby, the famous head master of Westminster School—"a great man!—he whipped my grandfather—a very great man!" as Sir Roger de Coverly pronounced him to be when he stood before his tomb in the contiguous Abbey—as all know how it was observed that, while his Majesty walked complaisantly behind him, with hat under arm, the Doctor strutted before Charles with covered head; and how at the King's departure this seeming rudeness was with all loyal humility justified by the formidable Doctor, on the ground that, if his boys where to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than himself, he should never be able to rule them.

A GENTLE HINT.—The English are perhaps, the only people in Europe who cannot be admitted freely into public walks, gardens, or buildings, without committing some injury or nuisance. Names are cut on trees or benches, or something or other is mutilated or defaced. It is very different on the continent. The public gardens at Frankfort are only separated from a high road by a single rail, and yet nothing is injured, although no one is excluded. In these gardens, a nightingale had for many years built its nest in a particular spot close to one of the walks. It was seen by every one, and yet no one molested it until one day a foreign servant saw and took it. When it became known, the man was hunted by a mob, taken before the city authorities, and the facts being proved, he was sentenced to have his coat turned, to be drummed out of the city with every mark of disgrace, and never to enter it again.

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### A PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

BY RONDEL.

The lilies grew beneath her hand
On slippers that are seen no more!
Their race of usefulness is o'er!
They're buried under Time's dark sand,
And nothing can their life restore,
As when, in young Love's flowery land,
The lilies grew beneath her hand
On slippers that are seen no more.

They would, if finished, have been grand!
But she became my wife before
They were half done—you understand:
How then—though now the work's a bore!—
The lilies grew beneath her hand,
On slippers that are seen no more!

# ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—[CONTINUED.]

I MUST trouble you, Mr. Glanville, to rise at once," said he. "I see there is a door on the other side of your room, I will just take the liberty of looking that door, sir, and then I can wait till you are ready."

"Pray, who and what are you?" asked Glanville, his courage returning as he collected his scattered senses. "By what authority do you take these liberties with my apartment?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Glanville," he replied; "I think I need scarcely tell you what is my errand; I should think you are tolerably aware why I am here, and what authority I have. My name is Foster and here is my warrant."

Reginald Glanville started. The remembrance of his losses, his difficulties, his troubles flashed upon him.

Could it be that already the harpies were closing on him—that he was to be already the victim of their revenge?

He was still too bewildered to comprehend fully the only case in which such proceedings could be taken.

But the color faded in his cheek, and he looked at the officer with an alarmed glance.

"Of what do you accuse me?" he asked, quickly.

"It is a pity to blazon these things about, Mr. Glanville," said the officer. "You must know what is likely to be the cause," he added, touching the little golden chain significantly.

"I do not comprehend you," said Glanville, dreamily.

"Is that charm yours, Mr. Glanville?" asked the detective.

"Most certainly," he replied. "Where was it found? It is one I prize exceedingly, I had not missed it."

"I dare say not," said the detective, sternly; "I dare say not. Folks are too busy on some occasions to miss anything. But it was found, whether you missed it or not; and maybe where you wouldn't wish. Do you guess where, Mr. Glanville? I dare say you haven't forgotten where you were last night."

Reginald Glanville gazed bewildered.

"I do not know," said he, "why I am bound to tell. I am surely my own master, and master of my actions."

"Of course," said the officer; "but it will not last long. Mr. Reginald Glanville, I arrest you on a charge of robbery at the bank of Gisborne, Holden, Sabine, & Co. You are my prisoner."

"Am I mad?" said the unhappy man, gazing wildly at him; "I am mad? I never even heard of the robbery"

"Perhaps not, sir," said the officer; "but I doubt whether you have not known it. The proofs at least are against you. Is this your handwriting?" he asked, pointing to a slip of paper that he held. "Now, Mr. Glanville, I don't want you to criminate yourself; but I do say that, if you can deny it from your heart and soul, it would go some way to make me think it was something in your favor. If you say nothing, that's enough."

Reginald looked at the slip, and his face grew pale.

"Am I dreaming or mad?" he groaned.

"Whether you are or not I must take you with me," said the officer.

A cab was called, and in less than an hour the admired and handsome Reginald Glanville was conveyed to a felon's prison.

The clubs gossiped, the saloons tattled, women pitied, men blamed, and all wondered: his enemies rejoiced, and those who had ruined him triumphed; but there was one who gloated over his downfall.

Was there no gentle spirit who would pity and help him in his time of extreme need?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THREE weeks had passed since the fire at Springdale, and then Hilda awoke as from a long, deep sleep.

Weak as an infant she lay on her pillow. There was a gentle stirring of the air, a delicious fragrance stole over her senses, and she heard softest whisperings.

Where was she? She lay long in that silent, dreamy state.

Again those whispering tones.

She turned slightly on her pillow, then unclosing her eyes, she lifted her hands to her head.

With a faint cry of pain she fell back on her pillow.

The pain, the sight of those bandaged hands recalled the incidents of that terrible fire.

All was plain then.

She looked wonderingly through the bed-curtains upon the forms dimly outlined in the shadows.

"The crisis is over; she will live," said a soft voice, all unknown to her, and a gentle finger was laid tenderly on her wrist.

"Thank God!" fervently uttered another voice familiar to Hilda's ears, and Nora Norton came forward and fervently pressed her lips to Hilda's forehead.

"Yes, thank God!"

It was yet another voice that spoke which Hilda well know, and a thrill of delight went through her weak frame at the sound.

"Nora," she feebly whispered.

"Hush, darling, hush!" said Nora, and a finger was laid on Hilda's lips. "You have been very ill. You must not talk."

"Tell me, who was it—who went out just now?" said the sick girl, her eyes fixed on the door where a tall form had just disappeared.

"It was Sir Guy Capel," said Nora. "There, hush—hush!"

A faint rose-tint came over the thin, white cheeks on the pillow, a soft, tender smile trembled on her lips, and she turned her face to the window, away from the gaze of her friend.

Nora divined her thoughts. Her own heart beat too much in sympathy not to comprehend all she felt.

"There, compose yourself, my dear," said Nora; "you are with true friends. Sir Guy Capel has watched, as over his dearest treasure, for the last fortnight, and I have seldom left you; and another, and most kind and charming nurse, has been your constant attendant."

Hilda gazed eagerly at her. "What, Florence?" she said.

"Florence Horton? No," said Nora—"one worth a hundred of her. No, it is a noble creature, who has lately come here for repose and solitude, and, luckily, was able and willing to take in poor houseless ones. You are in the white cottage on the hill, darling, and the mistress of it has been your faithful nurse."

Nora did not add that one charm that the tenant of the white cottage maintained for her was the connection with Jasper Talbot.

She did not explain that Madame Courton, the actress, had at last become weary of her life of excitement and fatigue, and had come down for the summer months to that lovely place; but if she had, Hilda could scarcely have comprehended her.

In the cottage on the hill, where the last days of her beloved mother had been passed, she was now lying.

From that cottage her mother had fled, in misery and shame, and now her child had returned to it, in sickness and in sorrow.

She closed her eyes, in strange and sad thought; then the sound of Sir Guy Capel's voice in the parlor, speaking to some one as he was about to leave the house, aroused her.

"I will go to Dr. Chambers," he said—"I will go to him at once, Madame Courton. He wished to know when the change took place."

The voice again roused Hilda to consciousness of what had occurred before her illness. "Lina, Lina!" she murmured. "Is she safe? And nurse?"

"Yes, yes, all safe and well, thanks to your bravery and devotion, my darling," said Nora.

"There, lie still now, and dream of Sir Guy. Those are his flowers on the table; they scent the air you breathe. And he may well love the noble girl who saved his only child from a terrible death."

Again the faint rose that came over Hilda's face. "Hush!" she said—"hush!"

"Yes, you are right, darling," said Nora. "I must not speak more now, or I shall offend both the nurse and the doctor. But still, I think joy never kills, and you may well be happy. I have read Sir Guy's heart; and he is a strange and ill fated man if he cannot win you."

Nora smiled brightly on Hilda's face, as she bathed her feverish hands, and then, giving her a composing draught that was prepared for her, drew the curtains round, and prepared to leave her to repose.

Nora was right.

Joy does not kill when the heart is young and the frame not worn nor exhausted by long watching and trial, and the delight of the new feeling that she was loved by that noble heart was great.

She lay there, weak and passive as a child while Nora looped aside the bed curtains, that the cool air might play over her, and then seated herself in an easy chair.

Now those two loving friends were alone with their thoughts.

That proud girl, with her noble beauty, and strong but conquered heart, her sorrow and her health, her talents, her gifts, and her misery; and the weak invalid, quiet and still, with her deep sorrow, her nameless orphanage, and her new happiness.

Grateful tears dropped from her eyes, which closed at last in long, refreshing slumbers, and when she at length awoke, it was to a sense of peace and happiness that for the time repaid her for all she had suffered.

Hilda was not able to hear the particulars of her removal on that fearful night.

It seems that her noble daring had shamed the cowardice of the strong men, and when they had once entered that burning house, they pressed on bravely till they came on the little group of half senseless ones in that long corridor, where Hilda's strength had given way.

There she lay, with the child still clasped to her breast even in her insensibility, and Mrs. Allen moaning over her in piteous accents, now calling for help, now praying to God to take them to himself.

Then strong arms lifted them from the scene of death and danger, and carried them to the open air; and scarcely had they reached the terrace ere a strange lady appeared, and in commanding accents entreated them to place the sufferers in the carriage she had brought, and convey them to her house.

"It is the lady of the cottage," was whispered. "It is the nearest—let them go there." And in less than an hour Hilda was placed in the bed where she lay for three long weeks ere she was again conscious of aught around her.

Then Nora Norton came to help and nurse her.

The tidings of the fire, of Hilda's heroism, of the danger she still was in, spread like wildfire over the county, and Nora hastened to the rescue and the aid of her girlhood's friend.

It was thus that Sir Guy Capel had found them when he hurried to the spot, on the receipt of the telegram that told him the home of his ancestors was in ruins, and his only child rescued by the bravery of that fair girl who so lately watched over her in sickness and pain.

It were vain to paint his feelings.

If Florence Horton had ever touched his heart, or rather fancy, it was past now.

He flew to his home, to see its smouldering pile, to listen to Mrs Allen's tale of the heroism of the apparently dying girl, to clasp his darling to his heart, and to watch anxiously for the hour that should pronounce the fate of her whom he began to feel was dearer to him than life.

But it was a long and terrible time.

Brain fever had set in; and the injuries and excitement of the preceding day combined to make the attack a prolonged and almost hopeless one.

For hours would Sir Guy pace the narrow garden before her window, open to admit some air to the sufferer, and as he caught her moans or her unconscious ravings he would clasp his hands in agony and prayer:

"Oh, merciful Father, save her, save her! Let her not perish for me. Let not her death be on my head. Save her!"

His prayers were at length heard and answered.

And then as the long, weary convalescence wore on, his feelings, if less openly expressed, less avowed, even to his own heart, deepened and strengthed.

Not a thought of Florence Horton disturbed him.

He had awakened from the misty dream.

His heart indeed had never been touched.

His fancy, his vanity had perhaps been excited by the open devotion of that beautiful cousin.

His admiration had been excited by her graceful loveliness, and her affectation of feminine qualities had certainly for a time imposed on his credulity.

It is so easy to suppose goodness where there is such beauty and grace.

But now, as he recalled each hour he had passed with the gentle Hilda, her quiet, girlish dignity, her pure, womanly sentiments, her clear intellect, her unaffected beauty—and then dwelt on the deed by which she had imperiled her life to save his child, it was not strange that he should feel deeply and most tenderly for the sufferer.

Thus the long days and nights passed; and the words that echoed Nora Norton's "Thank God," were a true expression of joy at Hilda's anticipated recovery.

It was a happy time the first week after the day when Hilda was pronounced out of danger—happy for Sir Guy, yet more so for Hilda.

Madame Courton looked on with calm and half-regretful sadness.

It was such a pleasant dream.

She had known it, she had seen it, and to what end?

Her own had terminated in misery, ruin, disgrace—in all but madness.

And one other that she had watched—one that was so strongly recalled to her by that sick bed—how did that promise to end?

In death and separation; in a brief period of happiness, and an early grave.

Yes, Minnie Talbot was fast sinking under the hopeless but insidious attack of consumption, and Jasper Talbot would soon be left alone and desolate.

She did not tell this to Nora Norton; she had no guarantee for the confidence.

Nora never even mentioned Jasper's name; and the actress knew not that she and Minnie had been schoolfellows with the fair girl over whom they were watching; but it was ever in her heart.

And thus it was that she often turned away when Sir Guy brought his daily offerings of flowers, and fruit, and books, and everything that could cheer the sufferer, and sighed deeply.

At last the invalid left her room. Supported on Sir Guy's strong arm, and with Nora and Madame Courton to arrange and smooth the couch, and tend her as she lay down on the pillows, she came down into the pretty drawing-room, that its owner had made so graceful in its simplicity.

The garden was bright with July flowers; the birds were singing, the sun was shining and yet Hilda's heart was sad.

Saddened with the thought of the mother who had gazed on that prospect in former days, and perhaps yet more depressed at the thought of the revelation that must be made ere she could dare to indulge the brief dream of happiness that was just passing over her. Even her companions were unaccountably depressed.

The hour that was to have been one of such exceeding joy and pleasure was one of unwonted gloom.

Sir Guy alone seemed delighted and content, while Nora and Madame Courton strove in vain to rally from their causeless dejection. Sir Guy knew his own purpose, he guessed Hilda's heart.

She was dear to him, and he could not but be happy and most thankful.

At last he drew a newspaper from his pocket and opened it.

"Come," said he, somewhat cheerfully, "we have been so long in the clouds, and engrossed only by our fair heroine there, that I think we must try to return to the outer world a little."

First the fashionable news—the court, the gossip of the day, and the literary intelligence—were imparted to his fair auditors.

It was not very interesting perhaps, and the languid Hilda scarcely gave her attention to it, save as coming from the lips whose accents ever won her closest attention; and Madame Courton, half occupied in replying to some letters, received that morning, did not bestow more than a divided attention on the news thus falling on her ears.

But Nora, ever quick and eager in her every action and movement, was far more occupied in the tidings thus brought from the world which had once so much interested her, and Sir Guy directed the selections rather in unison with her taste than his own.

Suddenly the heading of one of the paragraphs seemed to arrest his attention.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible! I remember quite well meeting him at the English ambassador's in Vienna, when I was abroad. He was a remarkably fine-looking, fascinating fellow; who could have thought it!"

"Thought what? Of whom are you speaking?" asked Nora in some surprise.

"Of an Englishman I met abroad, now charged with a terrible crime," he replied. "It is very curious and very sad. Shall I read it to you?"

"I am not fond of crimes or horrors," said Nora smiling, "and they're not good for Hilda's nerves. But what is the name, and what crime has he committed?"

"The name is Glanville—Reginald Glanville," he replied. "The crime, an immense robbery of the bank of Gisborne, Holder, Sabine & Co. I believe his father was partner in the firm."

"How very shocking!" said Nora; but her tone was somewhat languid; she could not get up an interest in a commonplace crime because it had been committed by a person of rank.

Still, her eyes were fixed on Sir Guy as he bent again over the paper, and she did not see the pallor stealing over Madame Courton's face.

"Will you read it to us?" came slowly from the lips of the actress.

Sir Guy's own interest was too much excited for him to observe narrowly what was passing round him; and Hilda, either from sympathy or from some strange instinct, also remained observantly attentive to his words.

And thus, no one watched Madame Courton's countenance.

Had they done so, they would have seen a ghastly pallor coming deeper and deeper on her cheeks, while the dark eyes were unnaturally dilated.

Sir Guy read the description of the scene as we have before given it, and then continued —

"The preliminary examination of the prisoner has already taken place, and unfortunately justified and deepened the suspicions against him. It appears that not only was the charm discovered on the spot where the robbery was effected—part of the appendages of his chain—but that the slip of paper found on the floor was in his handwriting and his own signature. Moreover, it has been proved that he was out till a late or rather an early hour, that night, and also that he returned home in a very agitated state of mind. The appearance of the bed and room, when the officer entered the apartment, would alone prove this. Besides which, to make assurance doubly sure, we regret to add two important facts. The one is that he lost a large sum at the gambling table the night before the robbery; and what is still more conclusive as a proof of his guilt, it is whispered that some of the bills of exchange taken from the bank were found in the secretaire in his library. We are bound to say that the rumor, though not as yet confirmed, has reached us from a source on which we can rely, and we fear it is but true."

Sir Guy read to the end. He did not note the gradually stiffening form and rigid features of the pale woman at the distant writing table; but when he has finished she fell to the floor.

The actress had fainted.

To remove Madame Courton to the couch from which Hilda had risen, and to strive by every remedy to restore her, was the work of a few minutes.

But it was long ere they succeeded, and Sir Guy at last left the room, that the female servants might do more than they possibly could in his presence, by loosening the dress, and giving ease to the sufferer.

As they did so, a small miniature fell from her breast.

Hilda picked it up, and gazed at it attentively; then, snatching the locket from her own neck, she compared the likenesses on each piece of ivory.

It was the portrait of her father, and on the back of the miniature was engraved, "From Reginald Glanville to his wife, Julia Courtenay, on their wedding day, March 10, 18—."

Hilda gazed at the two with amazement.

Was the criminal, then, her long-lost father? and was the Julia Courtenay before her her mother's rival, the wife of the false lover of her youth?

Then why was she here under that false name, and alone, and friendless?

Had he deserted her also? And was Marian avenged?

These thoughts passed through Hilda's brain as she stood gazing at the pale features of the senseless woman.

But such injustice could not long harbor in that gentle breast.

No; more tender, and yet more crushing feelings poured into her heart.

There was community of feeling between her and that unhappy one.

They were both disgraced, and both were the kindred of the wretched sinful man, of whose deeds they had just heard.

Could Hilda bear evil thoughts in her heart to that senseless one?

No.

Her heart melted in one heavy sob of agony as she threw herself on the breast of the unconscious Julia, and wept bitter tears of degradation, sympathy and love.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THERE was one in the crowded court when Glanville's examination was going on, whose features might have betrayed at once the kindred and the deep sympathy between the prisoner and the spectator, had any one been able to spare the time to gaze on any but the prisoner.

That man was Jasper Talbot, the disowned and, as he believed, Glanville's illegitimate son.

His feelings were very bitter as he stood there.

There was deep sorrow in his heart, and alas! deep, and bitter, and evil passions also possessed him.

He looked on with mingled triumph and pity, with the manly and honorable instinct of sympathy with one whose blood ran in his veins, whose innocence.——Well, well, who could tell what his opinion was of that unhappy prisoner's real guilt or innocence.

Certainly no one from his features on from the look and gesture with which he at last left the court when the prisoner was committed for trial.

Yet he might have felt pain at the guilt, the danger of one to whom he owed his being; so it might be the triumph of revenge for the wrongs from which he, and the mother whom he had never known, had suffered.

Who could tell the inner workings of that heart?

He felt assured that it was his father.

But had he acted a father's part towards him?

Had he not rather ignored his existence, after giving him his sullied birthright?

And did not this man, who had shown no compunction when wronging beauty and innocence—who had never acknowledged the offspring of the woman he had betrayed—did he merit sympathy, mercy at his hands? Could he expect aid?

"I will not, I could not save him," he murmured. "Could he——?"

Ah, who could reply to the question save himself?

Jasper walked hastily from the court-house, and then to the railway station, and took the train to Croydon to the deathbed of his young wife.

Ah, Death is a royal conqueror, and consumption frequently heralds his approach.

On reaching his home, Jasper made his way to the death-chamber of his young wife.

Lying on heaped-up pillows, her golden hair swept away from her moist pale forehead; her eyes sparkling brilliantly under the long lashes that swept cheeks colorless as death, save for two hectic spots; so Jasper found her, and motioned the servant to go; then he drew the dying girl's head on his bosom.

"Jasper stay with me—don't leave me," she whispered.

The pressure of his arms re-assured her; and a meek, loving, child-like smile came over her face.

"I am happy, so happy here!" she said. "A little while ago, while you were away, a cold, ice-like hand lay on my heart; but I do not feel it now, you are here. I shall sleep soon; I am very weary, Jasper."

She gave him a strange, searching look, and a thrill went through him.

What meant that glance?

Did she know whose was the icy hand that chilled the life blood in her heart?

"Minnie," he whispered, but his heart filled him.

He bent his head, left a kiss on her lips, and was silent.

The girl understood him. She laid her head wearily on his shoulder, and nestled up to him.

"Jasper dearest, I know all now," she said. "I have been longing to tell you for a long time that I know I could never grow strong and well again. Jasper you needn't fear to tell me. I know it all—I am dying. Do not weep, dearest; if you do I cannot speak to you.

"And I want to tell you how grateful, how happy, you have made me. It was very good of you to love me—to marry me.

"Many would have done differently, and despised, and perhaps forsaken the poor actress.

"Jasper, you were too noble for that. And I believe you loved me; but, Jasper, dearest—don't be angry—I know I had not the whole of your heart. No, no; some one had been there before me. I know it now; I believed it then. You loved the noble and beautiful girl I once knew and loved in earlier days, Jasper, and she loved you. I know it—I feel it. And she is a more fitting mate for you than I am. You loved me scarcely as a wife, but as a sister—as one who loved you too well not to receive some love in return."

"Minnie, Minnie, you will break my heart. Don't talk so! I love you. You must stay for me," he said, clasping her more tightly.

"Hush!" she said, two gentle tears coursing from beneath her eyelids; "hush! you will make me wish to live; and that would be wicked now.

"It is best that I should depart; you will be happier then. I have thanked God that I can go before, and leave you to your great happiness.

"My noble Nora, she will make you happier than I. Tell me, Jasper, have you not loved her?"

From that dying girl no secrets could be kept, and Jasper bowed his head.

"I know it, my dear one," said Minnie, calmly, "I know it. And now promise me, that when I am gone you will tell her all. You will remember my dying prayer, Jasper, and you will be happy yet." She raised her head with momentary strength, and again she pronounced the prophetic words, "You will be happy yet."

She sank wearily back, a short gasp oppressed her chest, and the words were all but lost as she expired.

Jasper bent down; but the eyes in which he had looked saw not, the lips he touched felt not, never answered the pressure.

Death had taken the last kiss. Minnie was dead.

Jasper closed her eyes, and cast himself on the bed in an agony of grief.

He was very desolate now.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

SOME hours had elapsed since the terrible swoon into which the fair mistress of the lonely white cottage had fallen.

The physicians who had attended Hilda so successfully had been instantly summoned to this new patient, but, fortunately for the sufferer herself, and those most deeply interested in her, Dr. Chambers arrived on a visit to his youthful charge long ere the messenger could have reached his house.

"A terrible shock has done this," he said, as he looked on the still senseless form; "but we shall judge better when animation returns.

"Much depends on the state of the brain when she regains consciousness. If that is affected seriously, it is a bad case."

He then proceeded to the more urgent business before him of restoring the unfortunate woman to consciousness and animation.

It was strange how Hilda seemed to forget pain and weakness, and to regain her powers of mind and body, under excitement.

Yet it would have been evident, had there been leisure to speculate on her looks and manner, that it was rather the unnatural stimulus of a painful and sudden shock than the real and healthful tremor of pleasure, or even of sympathy.

We have a story, told by a celebrated physician, of a young girl who recovered from a long and tedious illness, that had baffled the skill of the faculty, simply by the excitement of a wedding in the family.

Poor Hilda had indeed the stimulus, and the strange and magical recovery, but of what nature remained to be seen.

In any case, she went quietly on in her course of silent, and active, and effective attempts to assist Dr. Chambers in his task.

Even Nora was scarcely more self-possessed, and certainly not so skilful and quick in her comprehension of his meaning, and adroit in her assistance.

A short time crowned their efforts with success.

Madame Courton opened her eyes; the pulse resumed its beat, the lips were less pale, the skin less death-like; but the rapidity of the re-action alarmed the doctor.

The circulation was too rapid, and the dilation of the eyeballs too evident, to be altogether satisfactory, and he at once took strong measures to meet the evil.

He ordered a dose of opium, and then entire quiet for the patient; after which he took his departure for a few hours.

Almost by force Nora expelled Hilda from the sick-chamber, and established her in the sitting-room, under Sir Guy Capel's care, without listening to her remonstrances that she would rather go at once to her room.

"Nonsense, Hilda!" she said. "I do not mean to have you on our hands again, ill and half-dying as you were only a few weeks ago. There, I only want you to act like a rational being. Lie down quietly on the sofa, and as soon as I can leave my patient I will come to you. When she is once fairly asleep, there will be little need to watch her some time. Dr. Chambers thinks she will not awake till morning."

Hilda would fain have resisted, but Nora had a strange irresistible way in her arguments, and Hilda was too weak and sick at heart to make further demur.

She therefore quietly submitted to her fate, and lay down on the couch, from which the woman in whom she had suddenly conceived so great an interest had recently risen.

And there was pleasure in being once more in the care of Sir Guy Capel.

It must, however, end now; but at least one brief hour might be enjoyed.

And then, too, she might need his aid in some of the plans that were already busy in her mind—plans for one to whom, however guilty, she owed at least duty and help.

Certainly Hilda did not look in need of the care and devotion that Nora bespoke for her.

Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks had a flush on them that gave for the moment the hue of health to the delicate skin; and the lips had a compressed resolve in them, unlike the gentle, girlish expression of an hour before.

Then Hilda had been happy in submitting to the leading and will of others.

Passive and happy, she had quietly submitted to the will of her nurses, and rested like a child on their care and love.

It was all changed now; and so was Hilda; and the young baronet thought this as he looked at her.

Exceedingly beautiful she was in her new character, and Sir Guy Capel gazed on her in questioning anxiety and silent admiration.

He did not speak for some minutes.

Then the impulse became firm and strong within him.

The silence, the opportunity of that unbroken interview, were too tempting to be resisted.

He would know his fate at once, and terminate his own and Hilda's suspense; for, if she loved him, at least he could offer her a home, love, safety, luxury, all that in her orphan state could be most tempting to her.

Even Sir Guy's utmost modesty could not disguise this; and thus the very agitation she appeared to suffer, the obvious change in her appearance and feelings, all tended to make him long to take her to his heart and shelter her from every grief and sorrow.

"Hilda," he whispered, seating himself by her and taking her hand in his, "you must know what is in my heart, what petition I have to lay at your feet. I am no boy lover, Hilda, and I am too much in earnest for fine speaking. One word from you, Hilda, will bring me perfect peace and happiness."

With a face first flushed with the momentary impulse of pleasure, then colorless as marble, Hilda shrunk away; she took her hand from his, and drew back on the couch, as if afraid to trust herself near him.

Diffidently she covered her face with her hands, every throb of her heart answering to his pleadings, but every nobler sentiment forbidding her to become his.

"Hilda dearest, you are ill," he said. "I have been too abrupt. You are not strong yet. I will therefore wait. You shall tell me nothing till you become calmer."

"No, no, I am not ill," she said. "I am quite strong. It is not that," she repeated, with crimson cheeks. "But, Sir Guy, in mercy do not ask me what separates us! I cannot become your wife."

"Hilda," he said, firmly, once more catching the hand she had withdrawn, "Hilda, tell me—I will know—I have a right to know—my love for you, and your unprotected state, make it incumbent on me to let no vain scruples divide us. Confide in me. Be sure that the noble girl who perilled her life at the dictate of her own generous, self-sacrificing heart, will ever find in me a friend's deep, unswerving love, even if she will not permit a husband's devotion. Hilda, answer me—do you love me?" he said again taking her hand. "That is all I desire to know."

Hilda was silent. Sir Guy's fiery mood rose. His confidence in woman had been so shaken, his natural temper was so distrustful, that suspicions began to rise; and he struck his hand fiercely on the couch on which she lay.

"Ah," said he, "ah, I see it all. Fool that I was, in my blind presumption, my deep love! I never thought of it before. Your love is given to another—perhaps to the cousin of your early schoolfellow—to Lewis Delany.

"He is handsome, clever, and prosperous. Ah, Hilda, Hilda, I can indeed understand you now. I will not pain you with further entreaties—I can suffer alone!"

He released the hand he held.

Perhaps she should have guarded her secret, and permitted her lover to conquer his affection by the help of wounded pride; but she was not heroine enough for this; and more, she was too candid for such a proceeding.

She placed her hand again on his, and her gentle eyes looked pleadingly on his as she replied, "No, no; as Heaven is my witness, you wrong me, Sir Guy!

"There is no love on earth that could be accepted or returned by me, save yours.

"Nay, more," she said, and her head sunk in momentary weakness on the shoulder to which he had again drawn her—"I would ask no more precious gift in the whole world could I accept it. "But," she added, raising her head, "it cannot be. Let me leave you, Sir Guy Capel, ere you drive me from you! At least do not despise me for the confession I have to make. Listen—I am the child of shame!" she murmured, and her pale face flushed deeply at the words. "There—let me go now."

Meekly, yet with a sort of a proud humility, she turned away to go.

"Hilda!" said the baronet.

She turned quickly. Was it reproach or pity that the voice conveyed?

Whichever it was, the excited girl could bear neither just then, especially from him. Her brain seemed on fire.

"Sir Guy Capel," she said, "no tongue can tell the pain and grief I have suffered from the day that this secret was revealed to me. But this very morning a still greater blow came to crush me; even as it stunned that poor sufferer up stairs, it fell on me.

"One week from this time the accused criminal, Reginald Glanville, will be brought from the felon's cell to his trial. That man is my father!"

The words were almost whispered, yet they fell distinctly on Sir Guy Capel's ears.

He remained for some minutes gazing at her with astonishment.

"Hilda, you are raving," he said. "It is a dream, or some dreadful mistake."

"No, no—it is true," she said, faintly—"too true. It is the old, old tale; but this last blow is too much. Pray let me go. You will see now that I am no wife for you. The woman you love should bear a stainless name."

She drew herself from his restraining arms, and would have retired, but he held her firmly to him.

"Hilda," he said, in firm, almost commanding accents—"Hilda, I will not give you up like this. If this be indeed true, then who shall protect and shelter you? Who shall comfort you, and guard you from the cruel world? Give me that right—a husband's right, Hilda."

"No, no!" she said vehemently. "I will not take advantage of your noble impulses. No man shall have cause to blush for me as his wife—you least of all—you, so sensitive, so good. I can bear my own burden; but yours—yours would kill me. It cannot be."

"At least I can act as your friend, Hilda," he said—"as your grateful friend and guardian. I must ascertain the truth of these fancies, these wretched suspicions of yours, and try to bear you through them. The preserver of my child may well demand this at my hands. Tell me all, Hilda, and then I can judge better of your position, I——"

Sir Guy Capel did not say "of mine;" but Hilda's sensitive pride fancied that the words trembled on his lips, and it gave her strength and courage to tell the tale.

Hilda sketched her sad story—her mother's frailty, her father's wickedness, the recent interview with him, the locket, and the strange likeness to the miniature round Madame Courton's neck, and the evident connection between the original of the features and the criminal who was described in that day's paper; and Sir Guy listened attentively.

"I do not see that it is quite certain after all, Hilda," he said. "There have been many cases of mistaken identity more close even than this. You have been hasty in your judgment, Hilda, and perhaps given us both much useless trouble. Permit me to see the locket."

She took it from her neck and gave it to him.

He gazed at the fair face of Marian Halloway, and then at Hilda, with mournful admiration.

"You are indeed her image," he said; "her living image. How lovely, and how like!"

He turned to the other face, so handsome, so proud; and his look involuntarily darkened.

"I must indeed admit, Hilda, that it is like him," he said.

"Like whom?" she said, bewildered.

She had forgotten, in her grief, that Sir Guy had mentioned his accidental meeting with the accused criminal. He shook his head sadly.

"Like this unhappy man, Hilda," he replied. "I will not attempt to deceive you, it is but too strongly like Mr. Glanville, making allowance for the lapse of time. But Hilda, hear me," he said, for she was striving to make her escape.

"It is no sin of yours," he continued. "The disgrace should not fall on the innocent any more than the punishment. No, Hilda, it is you I love; and I will not give you up.

"You are all that I reverence and admire in woman. Why should I sacrifice you to a vain, heartless world?"

"You must," she said; "you must, Sir Guy. It is no use to struggle; your own heart tells you so. Let me go."

She looked pale and wan, and he saw that she was faint and weary.

"My dear Hilda, this is no time to try you further by needless argument," he said. "To-morrow we will speak of this again. But, remember, I will not easily resign you. There, lie down, and try to rest."

Touching her forehead with his lips, he gently led her to the door of the next room, and left her to repose.

Repose! Ah, was that possible to that poor weary heart?

"To-morrow," she murmured, as she sank back in an easy chair, "to-morrow! Ah, yes, what will be to-morrow?"

* * * * * *

When Hilda was alone in her own room she began to think.

There was a wonderful self-control and strength in that fragile girl's character, which few would have suspected.

Her early training, under the high-minded and stern-principled Philip Arden, might have led to this, but it was also innate in her temperament.

Perhaps the adversity of her early years had something to do with it, but, in any case, the strong sense of right that he had inculcated found a ready response in her heart, now that she experienced the severest test that woman could bear, knowing that she must either give up the man she loved, or else bring shame and disgrace, and probably lasting wretchedness on the one who thus nobly volunteered to shield her from much suffering.

Her decision was quickly taken, though not without a bitter struggle.

She did not hesitate between the contending claims of love and duty.

Only one consideration remained: how could the sacrifice be best made—how could she best conquer, and insure herself against her own treacherous heart? She was but weak—that she knew and felt.

Dare she encounter his pleadings, his arguments, his noble devotion?

She could not trust herself. No; safety for her could only be found in flight.

Her strength returned as by magic under the feverish influence of the excitement; weakness, pain, all was forgotten.

She might have yielded to them once, under the softening effect of love, and tenderness, and watchful nursing; but now it was no time for that selfish indulgence.

She must be strong—strong in body and in mind, for his sake.

Ah, that gave her courage. It was for him—for Sir Guy.

She could at least have the bliss of feeling that it was for his sake that he was benefiting by her suffering—that she had saved him, in spite of himself; and that, in after days, he would look on her with gratitude.

The enthusiasm of the hour sustained her.

She hastily put together some of the few things saved from the fire at Springdale, and then sat down to count the cost of the journey she purposed taking.

Her plans were scarcely formed as yet: but an irresistible impulse seemed to carry her to the spot where she had first drawn breath, and to gaze once more on her mother's grave ere she went to fulfil the duty, that had been ill-deserved, towards her unhappy and erring parent.

She sat down to the little writing table by the window, and wrote two brief notes—one to Nora, thanking her great kindness and ever constant affection, and assuring her that ere long she should hear from her, and know all—all her reasons for a flight so apparently ungrateful, and for keeping it concealed from her; and imploring strict secrecy, if asked for tidings of her.

The other note was addressed to Sir Guy himself:

"I cannot leave without entreating you not to deem me cold or ungrateful, Sir Guy. I appreciate all your kindness as it deserves; but I must not be unworthy of it, and therefore I go, where you cannot follow me—where even your trusting love would shrink from claiming me. Farewell, dear Guy!—yes, I may call you by that name now, for the last time. "HILDA."

Then she stole softly to the room where Nurse Allen and Lina slept.

Nora had wished to transfer them to her own home, but the good woman was invaluable as an assistant in nursing her young favorite: and Lina would not be induced to go among strangers, and leave "Nurse and dear Miss Halloway."

And the child was so good, so quiet, so strangely mature in her ways, that she was at last permitted to remain with the invalid: and never had she in any degree broken the promise she had given to be very quiet while poor Miss Halloway was ill.

She had long been asleep now when the young girl stole into the room, and Hilda's warning finger prevented the sudden exclamation of the good nurse.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## June Andrews.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

THE golden October day was waning, and I sat by the window of my friend's cottage, admiring the crimson splendor of the setting sun, when suddenly through the quiet evening air came the sound of a tolling bell; listlessly I counted the measured strokes—they numbered thirty.

I was wondering over the departed one, when the friend whom I was visiting came into the room.

Her eyes were suffused with tears, and her face wore an expression of strangely mingled grief and satisfaction.

"Was it some friend of yours, Cora?" I asked.

She answered in the affirmative, and then unable to control her emotion longer, yielded to her tears.

I did not question her, for I knew quite well that she would tell me all in her own time, nor was I disappointed.

It was twilight, and the stars were coming out one by one, when at last my friend became calm.

And then, with her voice subdued and tender, she told me the beautiful but sad story of her departed friend's life; and I tell it to you in her own words:

"You know, dear, it is just ten years ago, this month, since we came to Watson—and it was just such an evening as this that I first saw June Andrews. She was out on the lawn in front of her father's residence, sitting in a low rocking-chair, leaning carelessly to one side, and resting one shoulder against the back of it: a fluffy white shawl was draped gracefully across her shoulders, her splendid purplish-black hair waved back from a low white forehead and coiled into a large knot low on her neck; her hands were clasped on her lap, her head bent slightly forward, and her large dark eyes were fixed with a look of wrapt attention upon the face of a handsome young man who was lying on the grass at her feet, reading aloud Longfellow's 'Evangeline.'

"I was only passing by with an acquaintance, but at sight of the beautiful picture they presented, I paused involuntarily, and gazed at them.

"Neither reader nor listener noticed me, but to my dying day I shall remember how June looked that evening.

"My companion touched my arm, and we passed on.

"'Who is that lady?' I asked eagerly.

"'June Andrews,' she replied with a voice tender, almost pitying, I thought.

"'Why do you use that tone in speaking of such a glorious creature?' I demanded.

"She glanced backward at the unconscious pair on the lawn, and then in scarcely audible tones murmured:

"'June is hump-backed!'

"I shall never forget the thrill of resentment that passed over me at that moment, and caused me to say sharply:

"'You are joking, Miss Ames.'

"'No indeed; would to Heaven I were,' she replied.

"In the course of a few weeks I became acquainted with June, and we have been fast friends ever since.

"At the time of my first acquaintance with June, her father—a rheumatic old soldier—was postmaster in Watson, but he died soon after, and June secured the position and has acted in the capacity of postmistress ever since, and she has fulfilled her duties faithfully.

"She was well-educated, intelligent, and well read, and could talk fluently upon almost any subject.

"Every man, woman and child in Watson knew and loved her, because of her unselfish, loveable nature, her unerring judgment of right and wrong, and her widespread influence over her many friends.

"She was allowed with her quiet wisdom to settle many disputes and misunderstandings pleasantly, and has thus become lovingly termed 'The Peacemaker of Watson.'

"When I first knew her she was betrothed to Harry Brooks, one of the handsomest, noblest men I ever knew.

"He had received an education at one of the best colleges in the land, but was acting as superintendent in a large flour mill, and was boarding with June's mother, and it was by being in intercourse with her, that he first learned to admire and respect June for her quiet intelligence and womanly unselfishness, and then to love her for her own sweet sake.

"Soon after my friendship with June began, Harry Brooks became heir to quite a fortune, and he accordingly wished her to become his wife at once.

"And then, and not until then, did she seem to realize the sense of her betrothal; her face which had heretofore been radiant with happiness, began to wear a troubled, anxious look, and I frequently found her in tears.

"One day I went to her, and was struck by an entirely new expression on her face.

"It was one of firm resolve and resignation, and I knew too well its import.

"I took her face between my hands, and after studying it intently for a moment, I asked:

"'Are you doing right, June?'

"She did not reply, but gave me a look of such pitiful inquiry, that I was entirely overcome.

"But I was determined to make one more trial, so I summoned fresh courage, and said:

"'June, I have seen your struggle, and I see the result of it in your face to-day. You have not asked my advice, but I shall give it all the same. Do not, I beg of you, cast away your life's happiness for a foolish fancy.'

"I was frightened the next moment, for she threw herself into my arms, and wept in a perfect paroxysm of grief and despair.

"I knew of no word of comfort to utter, and I let her weep until she was exhausted, then I bathed her face, brushed out her lovely hair, and as she had become calm I kissed her and turned to go, but she caught my hand and drew me down beside her.

"'I want to talk to you, Cora,' she said. 'I have borne my trouble all alone, and only God knows what I have suffered in giving up all that is dearest to me on earth. I have been so happy, so very, very happy, that I scarcely thought of the future, until Harry became rich, and insisted upon a speedy marriage. He expressed a wish that my wedding-dress should be white, and I was planning how I would have it made, when all at once I remember this' (she glanced over her shoulder as she spoke) 'Imagine us at the altar, Cora,' she added bitterly. 'Harry so straight and tall, and handsome with little, stunted, hump-backed me for his bride.'

"'Hush, June!' I cried; but she did not heed me.

"'Then came thoughts of his beautiful home where I, the only unsightly thing, should mar the whole, and where all his love could not exempt me from the pitying sneers of careless people. O, Cora! I am not fit to become a wife, much less a mother. Why did I not think of it before! I cannot—will not blight the life of the noblest man on earth through the feeling which he has mistaken for love, but which time will only develop into pity.'

"Her face was drawn and white, but she continued in a voice in which there was no more bitterness, but which was so full of despair that I wept to hear it.

"'To-day is the last one for Harry at the mill, to-morrow he is going to New York on business and to make arrangements for our wedding tour abroad; but that can never be, for to-night I shall tell him that it is all over—that I can never be his wife. He will be indignant, hurt and unyielding, but he cannot make me change my mind, and by-and-by, when the sting has worn away, he will see the wisdom of my decision and thank me for it: but oh, it is so hard to give him up, I love him so dearly. I have prayed to die, but death will not come.'

"She ceased talking, and leaned back in her chair, with closed eyes, pale and motionless. I was distressed and grieved, but knowing that she had spoken the truth, I felt that any word I could say would be but mockery, even my presence seemed an intrusion in the sanctity of her mighty sorrow, so I stole noiselessly from the room, out of the house and across the lawn, and I had just placed my hand upon the gate, when a loud report, like a terrible peal of thunder, rent the air and shook the very ground.

"I paused, stunned and bewildered. Involuntarily I glanced at the sky, but not a cloud was visible.

"Then came the sound of distant cries of distress and dismay, and in a moment more the streets were filled with people running—running—where?

"How long I stood there, incapable of any thought save that something terrible had happened, I do not know, but presently a man came running to me and told me to go and tell Mrs. Andrews that the men were bringing Mr. Brooks home and for her to be ready for them.

"'Mr. Brooks!' I screamed.

"'Yes. Didn't you hear?—don't you know? The boiler at the mill exploded and killed the engineer, his assistant, and Mr. Brooks?'

"'Killed!' I cried, but the man was gone, and I crept to the house.

"I found Mrs. Andrews, but she had heard of the disaster and was wringing her hands and rocking wildly, moaning over and over 'Poor June! Oh, who will tell June?'

"I delivered my message, and telling her to keep the men as quiet as possible, I stole up to June's room.

"She was sitting just as I had left her, leaning back in her chair, quiet and motionless, her eyes closed, the long dark lashes sweeping her white cheek, her breath coming softly through her parted lips.

"I knelt beside her and whispered.

"'June.'

"She slowly opened her eyes.

"'Yes, dear.'

"'Did you hear any noise?'

"'No,' she replied.

"'An accident has happened.'

"'Ah!' She closed her eyes again and seemed to forget my presence.

"'June!' I ventured again.

"'Yes, Cora,' she murmured.

"'You said you had prayed for death. Why do you wish to die?'

"Her lips quivered, and a tear stole down her cheek, but before she could reply I kissed her and whispered, 'I understand, dear; but suppose Harry should die instead?'

"Her eyes opened quickly, and she asked in a half angry tone:

"'Why do you ask such questions, Cora?'

"'Because, June—Harry is dead!'

"She leaned forward, gazed into my face a moment with horror-stricken intensity, and then with a deep drawn sigh, fell back in her chair, cold and white, into a dead faint.

"I thought I had killed her, and after applying vigorous restoratives, we were rewarded by her return to consciousness, but she was perfectly passive.

"I remained with her during the night, but she asked no questions and uttered no complaint.

"Toward morning she slept, but awoke at dawn, and thinking it best, I told her all I knew of the disaster.

"She listened quietly, but save for a slight shudder, made no response.

"She dressed herself with her usual care, and joined the family, and, feeling that I could be of no more use to her, I returned to my home.

"June was present at the funeral services of her lover, and naught but her unusual pallor and the dark circles beneath her eyes, betrayed her deep suffering.

"She made no display of grief, but went back to her post quietly, and has attended her duties with rigid care ever since.

"During the nine years that have followed that sad day, no change has been visible in June's conduct toward her friends, unless, if possible, she has been more loving and sympathetic than before.

"But God knows how faithful she has been to her dead lover, and how often in the gray dawn she has stolen to his grave with her offering of flowers unseen by any save the angels.

"She has been gradually fading for several years, and a few days ago she took her bed with the firm belief that death was near.

"She sent for me to-day, and I hastened to her side, and was surprised to find her, in spite of her utter prostration, cheerful and the most angelic sweetness lighting up her face with a glory such as I never beheld before.

"'Cora,' she whispered, 'the end has come. I am going to leave this poor crippled body, and in a new and perfect form I shall meet Harry in that beautiful home, where nothing can cloud our happiness. If he had lived, Cora, perhaps some fairer woman than I would claim his love to-night, but God is good, and all these years I have had the right to cherish the memory of his love, and to look forward to our meeting in Heaven, and I shall see him to-night—only think, Cora, to-night!'

"Then she thanked me for what I had been to her, and kissed me good-bye.

"As I was leaving the room she motioned me back, and slipping off her engagement ring, begged me to keep it always for her sake (it is plain gold, and inside is engraved 'On earth, in heaven.')

"I had not reached home when a messenger overtook me, and said that she was dead. She had died just at sunset, and expressed a wish to be buried at sunset to-morrow."

The story was ended; it was far into the night when I parted from my friend, after thanking her sincerely for the lovely romance of her friend's life.

And the next evening, just at sunset, I saw all that was mortal of June Andrews, placed in a vault by her lover's side, and hidden from human eye forever; and as I turned away from the solemn scene, I could only murmur, "Amen;" with holy thankfulness.

THE reason why English pickpockets are so fond of operating in Paris is that Frenchmen comparatively seldom have bank accounts, but are accustomed to carry large sums in their pockets, and rarely take the number of notes.

**Humbugged Again.**

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters my wife was cured, and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging. H. T., St. Paul Pioneer Press.

## My Sweetheart.

BY H. C. ADAIR.

"UNCLE HARRY, may I be your sweetheart?" asked Marian Sterling, lifting her big brown eyes to mine, with all the innocent frankness of her eight years of maidenhood.

"Indeed you may," I cried, stopping to lift her to my knee.

"No," she said, drawing back; "if I am your sweetheart I mustn't sit on your lap, but beside you. You may kiss me, though all the same, and call me May, but I will call you Harry. Mamma says you are not really our uncle, but we call you so because we love you."

"Quite true," I answered; "but if you are not to love me when you are my sweetheart, I shall retire."

"Oh, but I will! You see, Agnes has Tom Irving to love her, and Janet has Tracy Hill. I tried very hard, but failed, to get Tracy Hill to love me; then I thought of you, and perhaps you would bring me flowers and tell me I added to their beauty by wearing them, and sugar-plums, and say my lips were sweeter than sugar almonds, and take me to walk and to ride, and always, always be lovely to me!"

"But," I asked gravely, "what are you to give me?"

"Oh, I will work you a pair of slippers when I am big enough, and I'll kiss some of the sugar-plums and let you eat them, and I'll wear the flowers, and if there is any song you like very much I will practice it and learn it, if the accompaniment is not too hard."

"All right. It's a bargain. You are my little sweetheart and I your devoted adorer from this day," I cried. "But it seems to me, May, that for a lady of your age you know a good deal about the sweetheart question."

"Well, you see, uncle—no; you're not my uncle any more."

"Dear Harry," I suggested.

"Dear Harry, you see there is the drawing-room and there is the parlor, and if Tom Irving comes while Agnes is in the parlor, she says, 'Run up stairs, May; that's a good girl;' and when I get to the drawing-room I see Tracy Hill kissing Janet, and he mutters, 'There's the child again;' and I run into the kitchen, and Molly has John McCoy there; and I can't help seeing them all." She added, piteously.

"Exactly. And I think you are a very sensible child to start a courtship of your own. Will you allow me to drive you to the Grove this afternoon, Miss Marian?" I added, with my very best society bow.

"Thank you, dear Harry," she said, with demure gravity. "I will go with pleasure."

So we commenced our flirtation, and never had any man a more piquant, lovely little sweetheart than I, Harry Montgomery had for the three years I remained at Maxwellbrig, the village in which the Sterlings were leading people.

Mr. Sterling and my father had been friends for many years, and when I finished my medical studies, Mr Sterling let me know there was a good opening for me at Maxwellbrig, and a warm welcome at his house, where Mrs Sterling and the three girls made me at once "like one of the family."

My calf-love in its entirety and devotion was given to Janet, until I found she had a previous attachment, and I was dolorously weeping over the fact when Marian generously came to the rescue.

But when I had been nearly four years at Maxwellbrig my father obtained for me a diplomatic appointment abroad and there was a heart-breaking parting.

"It is not the drives and rides, and rowing and flowers and candies I'm crying for," sobbed my little sweetheart, "though Agnes pretends it is. It is because I am going to lose you. You don't believe I love you just for those things, do you dear Harry?"

"No, my little love," I said; "I believe you love me with all your pure young heart!"

"I do! I do! You will come back?"

"Yes, but I shall find you a grown-up lady with dozens of lovers."

"No; I'll have no other lover. If you marry I shall die! And here's my ivory-type and a curl of my hair, and I want yours."

I readily promised the exchange, and went abroad, the ivory-type and curl set in a locket—the face promising rare beauty of the golden hair, brown-eyed type.

We corresponded, of course. At first the correspondence flourished, then it grew languid, finally died. I was engrossed with business and society; May was working through school, through society, and as a belle. Agnes and Janet middle-aged matrons, left Marian the only daughter at home and society was exacting. I heard of her a brilliant beauty, a musician of great talent, and a bright, sparkling conversationalist. I tried to fit this to my little sweetheart, and failed. I had lost my childish adorer.

But I was not fond of society, nor devoted to the duties of a cavalier. Perhaps Janet had left too deep a wound to heal, though I did not think so, when ten years after our first meeting, I found her with a party of tourists a loud-voiced, red-faced woman of fashion, who had left three little children at home while she displayed costly dresses and horrible French and German abroad. Tracy evidently preferred the society of the babies, as he was not one of the travelling party.

"Marian!" she said, when I inquired for all the home circle. "Why, Marian is in

London. Didn't you know about Marian? Ah! Mrs. Agnew—good evening."

"Tell me," I entreated. "What about Marian? Is she married?"

"Bless me no! Hasn't even a beau, as far as I know. May it so prim—cut out for an old maid. And she'll be worse than ever now. Excuse me. Mrs. Maitland is moving to the dressing-room, and I go in her carriage. Good night. Do come and see us." And her escort came up, and she sailed away. It was not until ten minutes later I remembered that I had not asked for her address or Marian's.

I tried to repair this omission the next morning by visiting all the hotels and examining their registers. The only result was the assurance that the whole party had left Berlin that morning.

But the fates favored me. I dropped into a nice legacy, quite sufficient for the wants of a family of modest tastes, and I determined to go home!

It was a year since I had met Mrs. Hill in Germany.

My little sweetheart! Strange how she had lingered always in my memory as the ideal woman of my bachelor fancy!

I determined to go home at once and accept a long-standing invitation to visit my friend, Lord Loringer, at his place, Loringer Hall. I met with a most cordial welcome, and arriving just before dinner-hour Lord Loringer hurried his own preparations and came into the room assigned to me.

"What good wind," he exclaimed, "blew you into England?"

I told him of my legacy, my resignation of my position, and my return home.

"But you are absolutely your own master for the present?" he asked.

"Yes. Nobody expects me at home, as I was returning on that most idiotic principle—a surprise."

"Join us, then! We all start next week for a jaunt through France, Spain Italy, perhaps up the Nile. We are not bound by any route, by any promises. We start, a party of fourteen, everybody at leave if he prefers another route. We are to be joined by another party in Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Edgewood, Doctor Smith, and a Miss Marian Temple, who will probably prove the bore of the party."

"Why?"

"Oh! she is an old maid, a blue-stocking, and a poet. I forgave her her novel, 'Irmine;' but deliver me from a woman who writes verses and calls them 'Water-lilies.'"

"Now I should enjoy all the pleasures of novelty in meeting her," I exclaimed. "I have not one old maid on my visiting list, and I never had an hour's converse with a novelist—or is it a novelistess, or a poetess. You don't happen to have her books about you, do you?"

"You will find them on the library table, unless someone is reading them. There are several copies about, as most of our guests brought them."

I found them, as promised, on the library table, and after I got to my own room I opened the poems. The more I read, the more I was convinced that no old maid penned them. They were full of the fire, the genius, even the faults of youth, and some of them I seemed to have written myself.

It was far into the night when I slept, with the volume of "Water-lilies," tucked under my pillow, and at the first daylight I was picking out once more little scraps of memory.

Page after page brought my sweetheart to me, till I reached out my locket from my despatch box and put it round my neck, ready for any emergency—ready to swear with as much truth as most lovers' vows that it had never left my heart since her white hands first placed my treasure round my neck.

To Paris! We were en route at last. I knew my darling's verses by heart. I had read her novel twice, dreadfully disgusted both times by the fact that the heroine, who had brown eyes and golden hair, married a hero who bore not the faintest resemblance to me.

The party had engaged rooms for use at the hotel they were staying at, and one general drawing-room was to serve the entire party. Here, after making my dress an object of the most especial study, I went on the wings of love.

A lady stood by the window looking out, and I went forward timidly. She must be one of our party or she would not be there.

But she never stirred or turned until I stood close beside her, when she turned her full face to me. My darling's face, with all the little baby curls on her forehead, all the sweet innocence in the big brown eyes. It utterly unmanned me. For a moment I could not speak: then I held out trembling hands, almost whispering, "My little sweetheart!"

Her eyes grew soft, lustrous, dewy.

"You have not forgotten?" she said.

"I have never forgotten. No other has taken for one hour your place in my heart. May, you have travelled, seen the world, had your conquests: can I, dare I, hope I may still call you——"

She nestled into my bosom, her big eyes raised frankly to meet mine, and said, "Your little sweetheart, now and ever!"

"How I meant to torment you!" she told me, later, when, her soft loving emotion over, sauciness regained sway. "I intended to win you back by all the arts of coquetry, of jealousy—for I have a lover or two, sir—but my heart betrayed me when I saw your love in your eyes and knew that you had been faithful all these long years. Dear father and mother will be delighted: but perhaps I ought to tell you Janet is a widow."

"Then you suggested that secret, too?"

"You big goose, you were the family laughing stock until I took pity on you."

"I'll believe as much as I please of that," I retorted. "You can never deny that you made the first advances."

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THE METHODS OF BRIGANDS.—It is a great mistake to think that brigands ill-treat their captives during negotiations; it is just the reverse. All share and share alike, the preference being always given to the prisoner when it comes to the last loaf of bread or the last glass of wine. At the same time, it can hardly be called an enviable experience to pass night after night in fair weather and foul with no bed but the mountain-side and no shelter but the canopy of heaven. The routine of one day is so much like that of another during the wandering in the mountains that the description of one twenty-four hours will, I think be sufficient. Soon after dark the whole party start, the prisoner having his arms tied loosely behind him by a single piece of small rope, leaving the end trailing behind. This is simply used as a sign of captivity and not as precaution against an attempt to escape, two of the band being sentry over the captive at a time, the remainder dispersing slightly so as to have due notice of any danger that might be close by. After travelling several miles, through valleys and over mountains, a halt is made about sunrise in some well-wooded and secluded spot: the prisoner is then left in charge of three or four men, and the remainder, excepting, of course, the chief, proceed with their various duties, some lighting a fire, others preparing the morning meal, which generally consists of bread, coffee, and perhaps a bit of lamb or goat, and another party go off to get their next day's food from accomplices and spies who have been warned two or three days previously where to bring the provisions. So suspicious are they of treachery that no member of the band is allowed to eat any food brought by a spy until the bearer has tasted it to see if it contains poison. The way in which the fire is lighted is well worthy of notice. Having collected some dry sticks, not large in circumference, and about 18 inches in length, a square heap is built by laying them across each other at right angles, at the same time leaving lots of air space in the centre. The top stick is lighted, and the fire burns downward; by this means a very hot but perfectly smokeless fire is obtained, which of course prevents their locality being discovered from the smoke. I have omitted to mention that every band of brigands has a tame ram which is used to lead any sheep they steal from out-of-the-way villages, thus saving one man having the trouble of doing duty as shepherd. During meals every topic is discussed, no distinction being made between captor and captive, nor restriction placed on the latter as long as he does not broach the all-important subject of his own release. On that subject they are perfectly reticent; and one never knows from the day of one's captivity till a few hours of one's release how negotiations are proceeding, nor how one's chances of life and death fluctuate according to the temper of the brigands and the communications brought by the spies.

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GOOD READING.—There is no accomplishment which is so fascinating, or causes so much pleasure and interest to be exhibited, as the power of reading well; it is a pleasing, although much neglected, accomplishment. No music has such a charm as good reading, and where one person will be charmed by music, twenty will be fascinated by good reading, and where one person can be a good musician twenty persons can be good readers. It seems to bring back the old authors, and to cause us to imagine ourselves sitting down and talking familiarly with them. What is more charming or interesting than the Scriptures when delivered in a full, clear, distinct voice? Professor Hart, in one of his extracts on good reading, tells of Elizabeth Fry, who used to read to the prisoners of Newgate prison, while many dukes, earls, and lords of the realm, considered it a great privilege to stand in the corridors and share with the prisoners the enjoyment of listening to the rich pathos of her voice, as she delivered the simple but touching parable of the Prodigal Son. There is no accomplishment which causes so much pleasure in the family or social circle, the invalid's chamber, the hospital, or the nursery, as good reading.

JENNIE WILDMAN.

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WHO NAMED THE COLLEGES.—Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left to the college some money and a library of over 300 books. Williams College was named after Colonel Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the old French war. Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount and was President of the first board of Trustees. Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate of the colleges, went into business became very wealthy, and endowed the college very largely. Columbia College was called King's College till the close of the war for independence, when it received the name of Columbia. Bowdoin was named after Gov. Bowdoin, of Maine. Yale College was named after Elihu Yale, who made very liberal donations to the college. Dickinson College received its name from Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation to the college, and was President of the Board of Trustees, for a number of years. Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder.

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AVOID a Costive Habit of Body, not only because of the attending discomfort, but lest it engender diseases involving more serious consequences. Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills are either Laxative or Cathartic according to the dose, and may be depended upon to produce healthy secretions of the Liver and Stomach.

## UNACCOUNTABLE ANTIPATHIES

SHAKSPEARE in his "Merchant of Venice," has a well-known passage concerning the unaccountable antipathies of some men, and an interesting book might be written on the subject. Not unfrequently these antipathies are strongest and—apparently—most ridiculous in people whom one might suppose to be loftily superior to anything of the sort.

Scaliger turned pale at the sight of watercress; neither he nor Peter of Abano could ever drink milk; Cardan was disgusted at the sight of an egg; a French lady "never could abide" boiled lobsters, and Ambrose Pare records the case of a man who was similarly affected by the view of cooked eels.

Vaugheim, a famous Hanoverian sportsman, slew wild boars innumerable, but ran away from a roast pig, or fainted if he had not time to beat a retreat.

Marshal d'Albret was so terrified at the view of a pig's head that if any one had fought a duel with the Marshal, with a pig's head in his left hand he would have had as much advantage as if he had worn a suit of armor. So says Bussy.

The smell of fish threw Erasmus into a fever. King Vladislas of Poland ran away from an apple.

Zimmermann records the case of a lady who shuddered on touching the velvety skin of a peach, silk and satin being equally obnoxious to her.

Dr. Beattie tells of strong men whom the touch of velvet would disturb. Lord Barrymore could endure anything but a pansy; the Princess of Lamballe anything but a violet.

Gretry, the composer, and Anne of Austria abhorred the smell of roses. We read of a monk who fainted on seeing a rose, and never quitted his cell during the season of their flowering.

Favorita, the Italian poet, had a similar aversion, and so had Vincent, the painter. Scaliger tells of a relative whom the sight of a lily threw into convulsions.

Henry III. fainted on seeing a cat, though he was passionately fond of little dogs. The Duke of Schomberg had the same mortal antipathy; and the case is recorded of a gentleman who could not even bear to walk under a signboard bearing the image of poor puss.

The Duke of Epernon was unaffected by the sight of an old hare, but the sight of a young one sickened him. The Marshal of Brese fainted at the sight of a rabbit: in this case the antipathy could be traced back to his having shot, while firing at a rabbit, a servant.

A hare or a fox terrified Tycho Brahe nearly out of his wits. William Matthews had a mortal dread of spiders, and when the Duke of Athole, thinking the antipathy feigned, approached him with his hand shut, Matthews drew his sword, and it was with great difficulty he was prevented from killing himself or the Duke.

Marana, the author of the "Turkish Spy," tells us that he would have preferred encountering a lion rather than a spider. Mather records the case of a young woman who could see a person trim his nails with a pair of scissors, but if a knife was employed she fainted.

Beattie tells of a man who had a horror of seeing a person handle a cork. La Mothe de Vayer could not bear the sound of any musical instrument, though he delighted in the roar of thunder.

Augustus had a mortal fear of thunder and lightning, and though he always carried a sealskin as a talisman against them, would hide if possible in a vault; his terror had been inspired when, during a night march, the lightning struck his litter and killed a slave by his side.

A lunar eclipse was too much for the nerves of Bacon. Bayle, the philosopher, never could overcome his antipathy to the sound of water splashing.

The Emperor Heraclius at the age of fifty-nine conceived such an aversion to the sight of water that it was found necessary to build a bridge of boats across the Bosphorus and screen it closely with boughs in order that he might enter Constantinople.

The cases are mentioned of one Nicaeo, who fainted whenever he heard a flute played; and a woman in Namur who fell into a swoon on hearing a bell rung. A resident of Alcantara was thrown into convulsions at the sound of the word wool, though he wore garments of that material.

Pennant, the traveler, had a great aversion to wigs, and on one memorable occasion, after exhausting himself in maledictions upon the Mayor of Chester's head-covering, snatched it off, and fled through the streets with it, pursued by the indignant magistrate. James I. had a decided aversion to the sight of a naked sword, and Louis XIV. abhorred the sight of a gray hat.

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THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap must send for it.

# Scientific and Useful

SUBSTITUTE FOR PIGEONS.—A substitute for live pigeons and for glass balls for use in shooting matches has been inverted. It consists of a small clay saucer, like those used for flower pots, which, when sent from a trap, receives a violent rotary motion. It skims through the air after the manner of a live pigeon, and drops lightly, without breaking unless it is hit. Veteran marksmen declare it to be the best substitute for a live pigeon that they have yet seen.

DURABILITY OF STONE.—Practical geology on an extensive scale is now engaging the attention of the Census Bureau. Samples of every kind of stone, each measuring four cubic inches, are being collected from every part of the country. These are being examined as to their durability in different localities. The result has already been that many stones which have hitherto been used only for rough underwork, are now found susceptible of receiving a high polish, and serving as corner-stones if required.

HEARING AND LIGHT.—Some analogies between the sense of hearing and that of vision have recently been suggested by experiments instituted by a German investigator. He placed the tubes in the ears of the person experimented upon, and then brought near one ear a loudly sounding tuning-fork. This fork was touched so as to considerably diminish, but not to stop its vibration. Its sound could not now be detected by the same ear—which seemed to be fatigued by its previous experience—but was plainly audible by the other. This fatigue seems to last from two to five seconds, and only affects the ear if the sound repeated is of the same pitch. If a different note be sounded, it is heard equally well by both ears.

FLOWERS OF SOAP-BUBBLES.—A pretty experiment has been recently described by a well-known Belgian physicist. He bends fine iron wire so as to present the contour of a flower of six petals. The central ring to which the petals are attached is supported on a forking stem, which is struck in a piece of wood. After oxidizing the wire slightly with weak nitric acid the flower is dipped in glyceric liquid so as to receive films in the petals and the central part. It is then turned up, placed on a table near a window and covered with a bell jar. For a little at first it appears colorless, but soon a striking play of colors commences. In the experiment he describes, the flower continued showing modifications of color for ten hours, when dusk stopped observation. Next morning several petals had burst. The liquid used was of very mediocre quality. He recommends the preparation of the liquid thus: Dissove a fresh piece of Marseilles soap, cut up into small pieces, in forty parts by weight of hot distilled water. Filter after cooling and mix thoroughly three volumes of the solution with two of Price's glycerine. The solution should be left at rest till all air bubbles are gone.

# Farm and Garden.

THE HARNESS.—Add a little glycerine to the grease applied to harness, and it will be kept in a soft and pliable state, in spite of the ammoniacal exhalations of the stable, which tend to make it brittle.

LAND PLASTER AND CLOVER.—A prominent New York farmer, whose crops are proverbial for their abundance, uses no other fertilizer than land plaster and clover. His plan is to sow clover, plaster it so as to secure a rank growth, and turn under for other crops, wheat included. He has kept up his plan for over fifty years, and claims that his farm is growing more valuable each year.

FEEDING HORSES—A good authority claims that a full feed of hay to horses, to follow concentrated food, is wasteful, and crowds the latter out of the stomach before proper digestion occurs. This authority claims that the hay should be fed first to avoid the above-mentioned trouble. A hearty drink of water upon a full stomach also operates to push its contents into the intestines before there is proper digestion.

KILLING POULTRY.—This is how the French kill their poultry: They open the beak of the fowl, and with a sharp-pointed, narrow-bladed knife, make an incision at the back of the roof of the mouth, which divides the vertebrae and causes instant death, after which the fowls are hung up by the legs. They will bleed perfectly, with no disfigurement; picked while warm, and if desired scalded. In this way the skin presents a more natural appearance than when scalded.

SELF SOWN SEEDS.—Most people have observed, no doubt, that self-sown seeds—that is, seeds that have dropped from the growing plants of the previous season—sometimes produce the strongest and most healthy plants, that bloom the most freely. This is true of several kinds, and particularly of those that suffer under exposure to our midsummer suns. The reason is that self-sown seeds get a very healthy growth in the spring vegetating as soon as frost is gone, and are good-sized plants at the time we usually put seeds in the ground, even if they do not start in the fall. They thus mature and flower during the cold weather of spring.

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LIEUTENANT COMMANDER CORRINGTON, in bringing the Obelisk to New York, has performed, indeed, a monumental work. So has Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, in curing the nervous disorders of the world, with his Celery and Chamomile Pills.

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**SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 17, 1881.**

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## MANNERS AND SERVICE.

Many of the small annoyances that spoil tempers, and make life disagreeable, might be avoided by calling things by their right names.

For instance, a great amount of bad manners and insolence passes current in all classes of society as independence, personal pride, or social superiority. It is difficult to define real independence of character; to tell just what the combination of self-respect, good judgment and mental strength is which makes it; but it is easy enough to tell what it is not.

The false notion that work for an employer is incompatible with independence, and service incompatible with pride, has made immeasurable mischief in the world. Yet everybody is bound to some kind of service; everybody is dependent upon his fellows; the veriest recluse must have food, clothes, and a shelter, and if he can make these himself, he is still dependent upon the courtesy of his neighbor to let him alone.

Here one is inclined to pause and ask at what point in the social scale does the word servant become objectionable? A public servant is proud of the title. The expression of the most graceful courtesy is, "Command me—how can I serve you?" The phrase of formal respect is "your obedient servant." And yet, unaccountably, the very service that friends do for each other, that the members of a family give in common, if they happen to be poor in money, is absurdly considered disgraceful—a personal dishonor, when performed for wages. The dishonor cannot come in with the pay, for the President is paid, and so are legislators, honorable and dishonorable. Ministers are paid, and doctors and scientists. The fact is that heads are so full of nonsense about these things that it is hard to get at the sound reason which would surely set them right.

Having tried to find out what they can do, and what they want others to do for them, let people give the faithfulness they require, and let us stop calling insolence spirit, rudeness independence, noisy self-assertion manliness, conceit pride, and boorishness dignity.

Give credit for good work, whether it is eulogy or pudding, and confess that success is doing well that which one undertakes. Duties as well as rights are to be considered; and it can do no harm to use as common, every-day sense just a little of that humility, just a trifle of that confession of weakness and blundering, which is made so unconditionally and on so large a scale on Sundays. There would be smoother days and less careworn faces in return for it. All this has nothing to do with social equality, or an equal division of property; both are as impossible as individual independence is. But decent manners ought to make all intercourse agreeable, and decent manners will never prevail while bad ones are baptized in all classes by false and misleading names.

## SANCTUM CHAT.

ENGLAND'S blind Postmaster General, who wins golden opinions even from Tories, has scored another success. You can now write a telegram on ordinary note paper, stick on postage stamps sufficient to pay it, put it in a street box, and it will be sent as soon as the box is emptied.

—

THE game of billiards is likely to receive a check in Indiana from a late decision of the Supreme Court of the State, which declares that any saloon where the loser pays for the game shall be declared a gambling house, and its proprietor liable to prosecution or punishment under the laws now existing against gambling.

—

THE little city of Weimar, where Goethe, the great German poet, resided, is ordinarily as quiet as a country village. Pianoforte playing, however, is universal, and the noise of persons practising on that instrument is something intolerable. The authorities have therefore passed an ordinance that no piano shall be played in a room the windows of which are open under penalty of a fine.

—

A MOST ingenious contrivance for dispensing with cash boys has been introduced into a Boston store, where its operation excites the utmost curiosity. It consists of a kind of elevated railroad with inclined tracks, one above another, the space between the rails forming a sort of groove in which hollow wooden balls, impelled by the force of gravity, roll to the cashiers' desks with the money received from customers, and back again with the change.

—

ONE of the greatest changes that has taken place in New York of late years has been in the matter of marriage. Thirty years ago the money question entered comparatively little into consideration, but now among the upper twenty thousand, or those who consider themselves so, it has very great weight. Mothers keep their girls as much as possible out of the way of pleasant but poor young men, and many girls are quite disposed to discourage the attentions of men who could not even afford a house in the city. The number of spinsters in the higher class there, and more especially in Boston, goes on increasing, and early marriages become fewer every year. It is the penalty paid for a more highly civilized and artificial existence.

—

A NEW YORK correspondent of a Cincinnati paper writes that one of the most fashionable amusements in that city is a "horse hop"—that is, some society woman engage the ring and horses for the evening, and then she invites twenty-five or fifty of her friends to be present. Two or three hours are spent in cantering, galloping and dancing quadrilles on horseback, and then the guests adjourn to the house of their hostess for an elegant supper.

—

UPON the basis of the new census, there will be one representative in Congress to every 169,080 of population. The following changes will ensue if the numbers of representatives, 293, remains unchanged. Arkansas, California, Michigan, Mississippi, South Carolina and West Virginia would gain one each; Minnesota and Nebraska gain two each. Alabama, Illinois, Maine, Maryland, New Hampshire, Ohio, Tennessee and Vermont would lose one each, Pennsylvania two, and New York three.

—

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY contributes his testimony to the current tide of temperance arguments and appeals, to the effect that 90 per cent. of the crime in the British army is due directly to intemperance; that when the men are removed from the temptation of strong drink, crime is practically unknown among them; and that when he was in South Africa his escort had very hard work to do, but did it without grumbling, and behaved better than any other set of men he was ever assisted by, for the reason, he believes, that every man in the company was a total abstainer.

—

ACCORDING to some newspaper statistics, which purport to give the estates left by the various American Presidents, Washington left $800,000; John Adams, $75,000; Jefferson died so poor that had Congress not bought his library for $20,000 there would not have been enough to pay his debts; Madison left $160,000; Monroe left nothing, and his relations had to bear the expenses of his funeral; John Van Buren, $400,000; Polk and Taylor, $150,000; Fillmore, $200,000; Lincoln, $75,000; and Johnson $50,000.

—

SOME interesting statistics of mortality among railway travelers appear in French journals. With commendable candor, France is given the first, and of course least enviable, place on the list, her railways killing annually one in every 2,000,000 passengers, and wounding one in every half million. English railways kill one in every 5,250,000, but surpass those of France in minor casualties, wounding one in every third of a million. Belgian railways kill and wound one in every 9,000,000 and 2,000,000 respectively, while Prussia only kills one in every 21,500,000, and wounds one in every 4,000,000. Roundly speaking, French railways kill five times as many as English, English not quite twice as many as Belgian, and Belgian nearer thrice than twice as many as Prussian, which are much the least fatal of the four. The average rate of speed made on the railways of these countries would form a valuable addition to the above statistics.

—

GREAT men are not without their sufferings. Lord Clyde who left behind him an enduring military fame, entered the British army when a mere boy, and thus describes a march he made when only between fifteen and sixteen years of age: "For some time I had to march with bare feet, the soles of my boots being completely worn away. I had no means of replacing them, and when I got on board ship was unable to remove them, as from constant wear and inability to take them off, the leather had adhered so closely to the flesh of the legs that I was obliged to steep them in water as hot as I could bear and have the leather cut away in stripe—a painful operation, as in the process pieces of skin were brought away with it." M. Gambetta, the illustrious French statesman, in a recent public address, declared that his life had never been free from bitterness and pain. The youth of the present day who give their days to idleness and ease forget through what sacrifice and suffering great names have been created.

—

ONE of those scandalous lawsuits to which the Parisian world of fashion is now and again treated has been put an end to by the death of the plaintiff, the Duc de Chaulnes. The defendant was his wife. The Duchesse belonged to the Galitzin family and was endowed with a handsome face and figure. The Duc was decidedly not good looking, being so short and fat that the Duchess' sense of the ridiculous prompted her to refuse to be seen by his side in public. If they went to a dinner party they took separate carriages, so that she might not have to enter the reception-room on his arm. The Duc's friends naturally laughed at this state of affairs, and a bitter quarrel ensued between the ill-matched pair. The matter was arranged for the time, and the Duc and Duchesse went to Italy together. But the Duc soon afterward began the proceedings now cut short by his death. The Duchesse is left mistress of plenty of money under the provisions of her marriage settlement, and has the guardianship of her two children, who are heirs to a large fortune.

—

AN occasional change of air may be said to be almost necessary to the well-being of every man. Every workman must leave his workshop, the student his library, and the lawyer his office, or sooner or later his health will pay the penalty; and this, no matter how great his temperance in eating and drinking; no matter how vigorously and regularly he uses his limbs; no matter how open and dry, and free from impurity may be the air of the place in which he is employed. In the slightest case of impaired health, the sleeping in the suburbs of the town in which the life is chiefly spent, or even spending a few hours or detached days in some accessible rural districts at a few miles' distance from the dwelling, may suffice to restore the healthy balance of the bodily functions, and maintain the bodily machine in a fit state for its duties; or in cases of somewhat more urgency, or of somewhat more aggravated character, a few days once or twice a year may suffice to adjust the due economy of the system.

—

WHY are girls so injudicious in their toleration of dissipated young men? It is very often the case that a thoroughly good girl will deliberately marry a man who makes no secret of his bad habits? What can she expect but misery to ensue? A life-partnership should not be entered into without at least as much caution as men display in making business combinations for limited periods. No man selects his business partner from among men who drink much liquor or have other bad habits. As for mere manners and the ability to make oneself agreeable, they have not of themselves influence enough among men to secure a dollar's worth of credit, or to justify anyone in believing their possessor on oath. A girl who is not old enough or shrewd enough to have learned what are the standards by which men are tested, would be far surer of a happy life if she were to let her parents select a husband in the proslest manner imaginable, than if she were to make her own selection in the manner peculiar to girls. A life-partnership is not easily dissolved.

—

ASKING questions, private and personal, is one vulgar habit; and telling your own business, which no one wants to hear, is another. Asking the cost of a present that has been made to you; "pumping" a servant; loud talking in public; hard staring at table; insolent disrespect to husband, wife, sister or brother; showing temper in trifles, and making scenes in public; showing an embarassing amount of fondness and making love in public; covert sneers, of which people can see the animus if they do not always understand the drift; persistent egotism, which talks forever of itself, and cannot even feign the most passing interest in another; detraction of friends, and it may be of relations—a husband telling of his wife's unpleasantness, a wife complaining of her husband's faults; the bold assumptions of superiority, and the servile confession of infinite unworthiness; all these are signs and evidences of vulgarity. In fact, true vulgarity resolves itself into that central point of evil—selfishness. The unselfish can never be really vulgar. They may be uncouth, but they cannot be more; while the best top-dressing of manner to be found in the whole world cannot make the substance refined, where that one foul canker of egotism and indifference to others lies at the heart of things.

### A YEAR AGO.

BY EFF. HYATT.

One year has passed, 'twere folly now
To count the changes time has wrought
By syren wiles and faithless vows
On hearts with care and sorrow fraught.

For time's eventful course may bring
Some brighter lot or happier hours,
Like as the balmy air of spring
Unfolds the petals of the flowers.

E'en though the wound may never heal,
When pride forbids revenge to grow,
Forgiveness stoops to kindly kneel
And kiss the hand that dealt the blow.

'Tis better thus to feel the pain,
Than know 'twas from our hand 'twas given.
For who is there so proud or vain
That would not make his heart a heaven?

One year has passed—and with it joy
Perchance has flown fore'er away;
But yet there is one pleasing toy
With which poor mortals love to play.

'Tis memory! Ay, we love to muse
While buds of thought around us grow,
And sigh to think we chanced to lose
The bliss of "just a year ago."

## A Woman's Faith.

BY THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

WHICH do you like best now, soldiers or civilians? Of course soldiers are the most attractive. I may wear a red coat, but never so smart a one as his."

"The coat has not much to do with it, I should think," said Mrs. Bushe, smiling.

"O, I beg your pardon, but it has, in most ladies' eyes. They seldom look beyond the outside of a man—more's the pity. But you have not answered my question."

"I have been connected with soldiers all my life," said Mrs. Bushe, in a low voice. "It is quite natural that I should prefer them, is it not?"

"Well, I don't know. Now I should have thought that the more you saw of all that glitter, the more you would despise it."

"That," said Mrs. Bushe, "is taking for granted that because a gentleman serves the king, and wears a handsome uniform, he must wear under it a bad heart and a weak mind. And that is—well, it is not generally the case, I think, Mr. Barrett."

Humphrey looked at her doubtfully, but did not speak.

"A gentleman is a gentleman, and a good man is a good man," she went on, rather prosaically, "whether he wears a red coat or a black one. I do not see why we should set soldiers on one side, as people do, and civilians on the other. There is no real reason for it."

"Except that it is the fashion, and that rules everybody," said Humphrey.

Then after a minute's pause he asked her abruptly who Captain Crosby was.

"I can tell you nothing about his family, for I know nothing," said Mrs. Bushe. "He is an Irishman, and a good officer."

"Sir George, I suppose, knows more?"

"At any rate he knows enough to satisfy him," said Mrs. Bushe gravely. "If you feel interested in Captain Crosby, you can inquire of him."

"Well, I don't know about that. He must know of course, or he would not let him dance all night with his daughter."

"An aide-de-camp is like the son of the house," said Mrs. Bushe. "There is nothing remarkable in that."

"Ah, but you may nurse a serpent that will sting you," answered Humphrey solemnly.

"That is a very disagreeable notion."

"It is. Confoundly disagreeable. But you can't deny that it's true."

Humphrey now seemed to have exhausted his powers of conversation.

He got up and walked off along the room, as if the sight of the dancers was too much for a reasonable being.

Mrs Bushe could not feel sorry for Humphrey, but one must confess that she felt anxious about Letitia and watched her and Crosby together as nervously as he did.

Letitia's happiness, and Crosby's devotion, could hardly escape the blindest eyes.

However, Sir George presently came back into the ballroom, and Mrs. Bushe was glad that he should see for himself; she could not make up her mind to speak to him, to bring poor dear Letitia into a scrape.

One ought not to be surprised if girls were a little thoughtless, and gave themselves up to the pleasure of the moment, without considering possible consequences.

Everybody agreed that it was a delightful ball, though the drive home was rather more silent than the drive there had been.

Letitia took off her wraps, and came up and stood by her cousin's fire, gazing into it for a minute or two rather dreamily.

It was so unusual for her to look thoughtful that Mrs. Bushe was rather alarmed.

"Are you tired, Letitia?" she said.

"No. Cousin Florinda, I think that without exception the most odious man——'

"My dear, after all their hospitality!'

"Well, I cannot help it. A man must be odious who sees you don't like him, and yet plagues and torments you with his politeness. I hope I shall never go to the house again."

Mrs. Bushe was silent, and hoped that this hatred of Humphrey Barrett did not mean an opposite feeling for somebody else.

"Well, poor man," she said at last, as Letitia also remained silent, "it is a pity that he troubled himself to be attentive to you. He meant well, no doubt."

"He certainly is the most disagreeable person I ever met," said Letitia. "Just look at the contrast between him and Captain Crosby."

"My dear, such remarks on gentlemen do not come well from a young girl like you."

Mrs. Bushe spoke very gravely and gently. Letitia colored, but looked up with her fearless open eyes.

"You think I don't know what I am talking about, and am only fanciful," she said. "But I have good reason, I can tell you.

"Did you see that little affair at the cloak-room door?"

"No; what was it?" said Florinda, instantly interested, and forgetting her function of reprover.

"Well, you had gone on with Mr. Barrett, Humphrey, I declare to you, was nowhere to be seen.

"Papa was in the middle of the hall, talking to that old Admiral. Captain Crosby had my shawl in his hand, and was just going to put it over my shoulders, when Humphrey started round some corner and literally snatched it from him.

"'That is my business, sir,' he said, in the voice of an old bear. O cousin Florinda, Captain Crosby behaved so well. I was in a horrid fright, as you may suppose. I turned round and looked at them, and even thought of crossing over at once to papa, for their faces were as red as fire. But he saw that I was frightened, and he said, in the coolest quietest way, 'Pardon me, sir. I was not aware that you were close by.'

"Humphrey did not say a word; but the scowl on his face was too hideous and dreadful.

"I was obliged to take his arm, and to let him bring me down the stairs, but I assure you I could hardly say good-night civilly. My dear, it was plain to me that Humphrey Barrett wanted to pick a quarrel with Captain Crosby; and he would have succeeded too, if I had not been there."

"I am glad Captain Crosby behaved so well—so like a gentleman."

"I wonder if he will say anything about it to papa?"

"I think not. No; he will probably never mention it again. I am very sorry, my dear, that you should have been so upset. Mr. Humphrey Barrett will be sorry too, I daresay, to-morrow."

"Not he; it was just liked him," said Letitia. "Tell me, cousin Florinda,"—laughing a little,—"is that a usual way of—of—trying to make oneself agreeable to a lady?"

"Not if one thinks about it, I imagine. But there are things, you know, which put people out of sorts and make them forget themselves.

"Probably the poor young man did not enjoy the ball quite so much as he expected."

"Then I am sure he was very selfish," said Letitia. Her good spirits seemed to have returned; she smiled sweetly, and kissed her cousin in a sudden little overflow of happiness and affection.

"Good-night. I'm going to bed," said she; "but I can't feel sure about sleeping."

Mrs. Bushe would not keep her, and dared not ask any more questions about her enjoyment of the ball.

But she stole into the inner room on her nightly visit an hour later, and found her dear charge sleeping peacefully.

### CHAPTER IV.

SIR GEORGE and his aide-de-camp sat together next morning in the library writing letters. The sun was shining outside, and Letitia in her scarlet cloak passed like a winter fairy up and down the white paths.

Once she came so near the windows that Crosby's eyes met her, and they both smiled and colored a little at the happy accident.

Sir George, who with all his quick sight in military matters—perhaps because of it—was wonderfully blind in such things as these, went on writing large and black, and saw nothing.

Presently he folded his last letter, addressed and sealed it, got up, walked along the room and back again.

"You had a pleasant evening, Crosby?" he said. "I did not know you were so much of a dancing man."

There was some consciousness in Crosby's bright blue eyes as he looked up at his chief.

"Well, sir, it was a very pleasant party," he said, smiling. "At these country houses one does always meet so many pretty and well-dressed people.

"The ladies were very agreeable too, and drew one out in spite of oneself."

"Don't make excuses. I was glad to see that you entered into it heartily. What did you think of the Barretts themselves? My own opinion of them is pretty decided; but I should be glad to hear yours."

"They seem to be—excellent people," said Crosby.

"You are not so foolish as my daughter is—to be influenced by looks, and so on."

"Looks!" said Crosby, more cheerfully. "The young ladies are very good-looking, and Mrs. Barrett has no doubt been handsome.

"Good forehead, good nose, some character in her face."

Sir George smiled.

"Poor Mrs. Barrett! Don't know about that. But the girls certainly have good figures and good complexions.

"And Barrett told me they would have seven or eight hundred a year each. Not a bad recommendation. If it was not so very much better for young men in our profession to be unmarried, I should say you could not do a wiser thing."

"Good heavens, sir!" muttered Crosby.

"That had not occurred to you? Well, perhaps you are right. Did you make much acquaintance with young Barrett?"

"Not very much."

Sir George was marching slowly up and down a small space between the table and the fire. Crosby, in his place at the other side of the table, leaned his head on his hand, and stared half in amusement, half in alarm, at his chief's straight tight figure, at the sharply-cut mouth from which such things came out.

Marry one of the Miss Barretts! Was Sir George really so blind? Or—horrid thought suddenly flashing in—was Letitia's fate in any fearful way decided already? He must know that all costs; and then—Crosby against the world!

"Young Barrett won't set the Thames on fire, I suspect,' he said presently.

"Now, there I believe you to be mistaken," said Sir George, suddenly turning upon him. "These hasty judgments generally are.

"I don't mean to say that there are not many cleverer men in England than Humphrey Barrett.

"You yourself have much more brilliancy, quickness, that kind of thing. But for sound sense, Crosby, for knowing the right thing and doing it, for resolution and independence of character, for making his way—and that's a talent in itself—I would back Humphrey against you."

"I am sorry you think me such a fool, sir," said Crosby, smiling.

"You know what I think of you well enough.

"We won't argue that point. All I say is that Humphrey has the talents most useful to himself. You, my dear Crosby, have those that are pleasantest to me.

"I should be confoundedly sorry to have an obstinate dog like Humphrey for my aide-de-camp."

"I am obliged to you," said Crosby, quite touched; for this was a great deal from Sir George.

"These Barretts are an old family," the General went on. "And in one thing they are very different from most old families: they have always been careful people, and every generation is richer than the one before it.

"When Humphrey marries, his father means to allow him five thousand a year."

"Very handsome," said Crosby, as Sir George paused. "And being such a prudent fellow he wont spend it foolishly."

"No."

Sir George poked the fire, and stood looking into it as he went on talking.

"I had a good deal of talk with Mr. Barrett last night on these matters. He broached the subject himself. You know me well enough to be aware that I am not a rich man, Crosby, and that it is—a—advisable that Letitia should marry well. She has no idea of household management; it is not in her character, and Mrs. Bushe has not succeeded in doing her much good in that way. Now this is a very good match for her. It has been laid before me in the most open and honorable way, both by Humphrey Barrett and his father. Their ideas are most liberal—"

Crosby jumped up, and interrupted his chief with an exclamation.

"Humphrey Barrett marry Miss Monkton!"

"Why not?" said Sir George.

"Forgive me, sir. One sometimes feels surprise without being able to give a reason. It seemed somehow incongruous," said the young man.

"Incongruous or not—I don't understand your modern phraseology; and what you mean by 'incongruous" is a mystery to me—however it may strike you, it is very nearly a settled thing.

"I expect Humphrey here this afternoon, and I hope at least, from my long knowledge of Mrs. Bushe, that she has brought Letitia up to consider obedience a duty.

"Old-fashioned, I know; but I am not aware that the Ten Commandments have yet been done away with.

"Perhaps you are surprised at my mentioning them in common life. Incongruous, is it?"

"Not at all, sir. You are very good to place so much confidence in me. I can only hope that Miss Monkton will be as happy as—she deserves to be."

After this Captain Crosby escaped from the library, and went for a walk to cool his brain and decide what was to be done.

He did not believe for an instant that a spirited girl like Letitia would let herself be married to a clodhopping lout like Humphrey Barrett; but there was no knowing to what lengths Sir George, with his military ideas, would carry parental authority, and Mrs. Bushe was too timid to interfere.

"My lovely darling, there is only me to save you," Crosby soliloquised; "and by heaven it shall be done! O, if it were but six weeks hence! The three years will be over then, and I shall defy Humphrey Barrett and all his advantages! But what is to be done now? I must wait a little. I must see the turn things are taking—how she likes the lout's visit this afternoon—she bowed him cordially enough last night, thick-headed clown! I wish I had been hanged twenty times before I laid that wager.

"I might have known it would bring me into some fool's scrape like this. But after all it is worth any trouble to win such a sweet angel as this. My wit against Barrett's, not a bad encounter for me."

It seemed as if Captain Crosby had not a bad opinion of himself. Perhaps a little boastfulness is among the faults of his charming race; but in a perfect gentleman like him it never could offend any one, and was only in fact a happy courage and confidence in himself.

He took a very long walk, thinking that he might as well be out of the way in the afternoon.

Humphrey Barrett and himself would be better apart.

So, having started before one o'clock, he wandered all round the country, very much to the surprise of those country-folks who met him making his way through their snowy lanes.

He had to ask his way several times, but did not get much information from the shy stolid people.

One friend he made, however, a sturdy old farmer, who overtook him driving home from market in his smart gig, drawn by a strong handsome horse which Crosby noticed and admired.

In reply to his question about the way, the farmer told him to jump up; and for four miles or so they drove together, talking in the most friendly manner, till they came near a picturesque mass of stone farmhouse and buildings with a square garden bordered by clipped yew-trees.

It was already almost dusk, and the cheerfullest firelight gleamed out from the large kitchen window across the yard.

"Yon's my house," said the farmer. "My old woman will be glad to see ye, sir, if you'll turn in with me and have something to warm ye before you go on further."

"No, thank you, not to-day," said Crosby. "It is getting late and I must go on, though I feel very much tempted to accept your kindness."

"Well, sir, if you're in this country again, and will give us a look any day, we shall be right glad to see you and talk a bit more over the war. I'm Farmer Pratt, and my house is called Jack's Croft."

"Thank you, Farmer Pratt," said Crosby, "I shall be glad to renew my acquaintance with you, and with this capital horse of yours too."

As he walked on down the road, while the farmer turned into his yard, he couldn't help looking back at the homestead as it lay there among its fields, with a few thatched cottages near it, all, for that time and that county, so tidy and comfortable.

In contrast, at least, with certain farms that this young Irishman had in his mind's eye.

The white smoke curled so slowly and contentedly up into the soft gray air; the windows glowed red; the old dog had come out wagging his tail to welcome his master home, and now stood looking after the stranger who had gone on his way; the great army of brown stacks defended the house on one side, the garden walls and trees on the other; all was safe and strong and peaceful.

Crosby looked, and then turned and walked on with long quick steps towards the chief object of his thoughts.

What was she doing now?

### CHAPTER V.

THERE was something electric in the atmosphere of Sir George Monkton's household that evening.

A storm was brewing, Crosby perceived, if it had not already begun.

Sir George himself was silent and sulky; Letitia was sulky too and miserable; Mrs. Bushe was in a state of distress, casting anxious imploring looks from one to the other.

Crosby talked, and she did her best to answer him, though feebly and absently.

Letitia would not look up or speak.

After dinner Sir George had nothing to say; but leaned back in a chair by the fire and closed his eyes, a wonderful proceeding for anyone so upright and lively.

Crosby presently went into the drawing-room, and found Mrs. Bushe there alone.

She glanced up rather nervously when he came in, and went on with her knitting.

"Sir George is not sociable this evening," he said presently; "so I left him to his thoughts."

"Ah—yes—so I see," said Mrs. Bushe.

A silence of several minutes.

Then Crosby, who was standing by the chimney-piece, bent towards his companion with a sudden gravity and earnestness of manner.

"Mrs. Bushe, may I confide in you?"

"I think you had better not, Captain Crosby," Florinda colored, and answered hastily.

But something in the young man's face seemed to appeal to her better feelings, and she went on:

"For Heaven's sake oblige me by avoiding these subjects? Say nothing. You can only make us all more unhappy than we are."

"That would grieve me indeed. I do not quite agree with you; but I will be silent as to myself, if you wish it, for the present. I'll only ask you—what is it all about?"

"O, you know very well," said Mrs. Bushe.

"Was young Barrett here this afternoon?"

Mrs. Bushe nodded.

"Sir George told me this morning that he was coming. And Miss Monkton? You are too kind to keep me in a state of uncertainty."

"I really don't know, Captain Crosby. However, if Sir George told you so much—well, poor Letitia is not in good spirits, as you saw at dinner. She cannot bring herself to agree with her father in this affair. She is not so submissive, poor dear girl, as—Sir George is inclined to be angry with her. I am most deeply grieved. I can't think that he will insist."

"No, he will never do anything quite so barbarous; it is impossible," said Crosby. "Now, I entreat you, listen to me. You understand my detestation of this young

Barrett. Do you think Sir George's opinion of me is good enough to let me also come forward—to let his daughter choose between us?"

Mrs. Bushe lifted her eyes slowly, looked at him, smiled, and shook her head.

Poor, dear Letitia, the choice would be only too easily made!

Crosby, with every movement full of grace and distinction, with his handsome face full of eager generous excitement, his eyes bright with the true spirit of a lover in the olden times, ready to go through any danger for his lady's sake, to fight single-handed with a thousand men.

Florinda was very sentimental, and of course he had all her feelings on his side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Our Young Folks.

## THE COLONEL'S VIOLIN.

BY KATE KINGSLEY.

I MUST tell you first that Uncle Jack played the violoncello.

The violoncello is a great big instrument, out of which come loud sounds, and little Effie liked nothing so well as to hear Uncle Jack playing it. It was a pleasure to her to see him even sitting down for the purpose, and making all the necessary preparations.

There was the high music-stand brought out of the corner where it always stood, and the book placed wide open upon it—the book full of lines and dots with tails, which had puzzled Effie so much when she was almost a baby.

By degrees however she began to understand the reason of that, and she was allowed to draw the stand out of the corner for Uncle Jack before she was tall enough to reach up, and put the book on it.

Then Uncle Jack always sat in a beautiful chair with a carved back when he played the violoncello. This was mamma's plan.

She said that chair should be kept for that purpose, and called the music-chair. The music-stool stood by the piano, and Effie did not care for it a bit, but the music-chair was quite a different matter.

The most delightful part of the whole thing to Effie was the way Uncle Jack held his instrument—with his arm encircling it "almost as if it were me," said Effie—and the loving way in which he looked at it as he drew the bow across the strings, and the sounds from it accompanied the movement.

Uncle Jack was a little man with a bald head, a red beard, and a very kind face.

And sitting on that velvet cushion, in that carved chair, with his arms round the big violoncello that stood up looking so massive and almost pompous beside him, he was to Effie the most beautiful sight in the world.

"Do let me play, Uncle Jack, do please do," Effie would say when she was a very little girl.

But Uncle Jack, who did almost everything that his niece asked him, never let her touch his beloved instrument, not even the bow, in obedience to whose magic touch the music came out of it.

And Effie soon learned that her little hands must not dare to approach it.

"It is so big it would eat you up," Uncle Jack would say, laughing; "if it were a little violin, now, there is no saying what might happen if we had a little one, you might learn to play upon that when you are older."

How Effie longed to be older, and to have a little violin to play upon.

Older she did grow, so old that she was at last actually eight years of age, but no violin had come for her, or seemed likely to come.

Effie's papa had been an officer in the army, and had died early, so Effie did not remember him.

She and her mamma lived with Uncle Jack, who was mamma's brother, and who was as fond of her, and as kind to her as if she had been his own little girl, and Effie loved Uncle Jack dearly, but never so dearly as when he was playing his violoncello, and she was sitting on a footstool near, listening to him.

And so Effie lived her eight years in the world loving her mamma and her Uncle Jack and his violoncello, and wondering if the day would come when she would find herself playing on a little violin—find herself playing what she had never yet seen for no musical instrument smaller than her mamma's piano and her Uncle Jack's violoncello had Effie yet beheld.

It was one fine June morning that Effie heard her mamma and Uncle Jack talking about Colonel Wentworth, and saying that he was coming to stay with them, and would arrive that day to dinner.

"Who is Colonel Wentworth, mamma?" she asked; for a visitor in the quiet house was an unusual occurrence, and the idea of it interested Effie.

"He was a friend of your papa's, dear," replied her mother, in that hushed tender voice in which she always spoke of Effie's father.

She did not see him till she came down to dessert, and then she was greatly impressed by his appearance and manner.

He was so tall and thin and sun-burned, with his dark grizzled hair, long moustachios, brilliant eyes, and white teeth, that to Effie's mind he looked more like a man in a story than a real live man who had come to dine with her mamma and her Uncle Jack, and who patted her on the head and said softly,

"And this is his little daughter."

When he said this Effie knew that he was thinking of her dear papa, and she felt she would have liked to kiss the kind hand that touched her curling hair so caressingly.

She went to bed at her usual time, and as Sarah, the servant, and she passed the door of the Colonel's room the former said:

"Come in one minute, Miss Effie, till I see that all is right, for missis says that military gentlemen are very particklar."

In the bed-chamber were a portmanteau and a carpet bag, and besides these a wooden case, the sight of which made Effie's heart stand still with emotion.

She knew the size and shape of the wooden case that held uncle Jack's violincello so well, and here was one just like it in every respect, only it was so very, very much smaller, that it looked like a child's shoe compared with the shoe of the child's grandfather.

It must hold a very little violoncello.

Then with a flash of light it occured to Effie that it must hold a violin!

She did not say a word to Sarah. Her feelings were too deep for words, but she felt in one moment that there it was, and that by some means or other she must touch it, caress it, play on it.

"That's the Colonel's wi'lin," Sarah remarked with annoying indifference, "and nobody is to meddle with it any ways. He says he never forgives anybody who touches it, and that nobody ever plays a note on it but his own self."

Then there was no chance for her. What could she do? This was worse than anything else. The violin actually in the house and she would not be allowed to play on it.

Effie felt very unhappy that night when she went to bed, and what is worse than being unhappy, she felt very discontented. She felt discontented even when she said her prayers, which was a bad thing, but it seemed to her that uncles and colonels had all the good fortunes, and little girls none at all.

She went to bed sadly, and lay awake with these thoughts, when suddenly she heard the most exquisite sounds from the room below, and music such as no violoncello ever made, music such as she felt then, and through all her life afterwards, could only come from that miracle of sweet sounds—a violin—burst on her delighted ears.

Instead of giving herself up to the pure joy of harmony, Effie only said, grumblingly,

"And I could do this—I could make this music. Uncle Jack said himself that I could, and they won't let me!"

And then she cried a little.

Presently, while she was still listening, and working herself up into a state of great misery, the music stopped, and she heard voices on the stairs.

Her mamma and the two gentlemen were talking together, and they said that they were going out to see the moon rise over a particular hill about a quarter of a mile from the house, where it seems Colonel Wentworth had been when he was a boy, and had often seen the moon rise, and where he wanted to see it again.

"And as I must go away to-morrow, it is the only chance," Effie heard his pleasant voice say.

Must go away to-morrow! Then what hope, what possible hope was there for her?

His only chance. Yes, but he had the chance and she had none!

Uncles and colonels had everything—violoncellos and violins and chances—and little girls had nothing—no, nothing at all.

Then a thought rushed into her mind.

She had her chance too if she had only courage to use it, and she had and she would.

And I am sorry to tell you that she did.

When she heard the back door shut, she jumped out of bed, and hastily dressed herself.

She would not give herself time to think, but hurried downstairs and into the drawing-room.

She saw Uncle Jack's violoncello leaning up against the wall, and the high stand with the open book full of dots and lines, which puzzled her long ago, but which she understood all about now.

She saw the carved chair and the black velvet cushion marked with wild roses and ivy-leaves, but she did not think that Uncle Jack had been sitting there that night.

The seat of honor had been given to the Colonel, for across the cushion lay what Effie's beating heart told her was neither more nor less than—a violin! She ran forward, caught hold of it, and kissed it.

"My dear violin," she cried, "I have been waiting for you all my life, and I have found you at last."

She sat down on the cushion on the chair with its high carved back, sacred to Uncle Jack and to music.

She held the little violin in her arms, and seizing the bow with trembling, joyful hands, drew it rapidly up and down the strings—very rapidly, for she resolved that as her time would be short, she would get all the music out of the violin that could be got in the time.

Alas, there was no music at all.

But instead of it the most horrible discordant sounds that ever distressed or disturbed a human ear. The dreadful thing she held in her arms uttered only screams and growls like an angry little animal in pain.

Cross and terrified, she let it slip from her grasp on to the floor, where it fell with a terrible crash.

And as it fell, the Colonel entered the room, and stood looking at her, almost as angry and astonished as Effie herself.

He was followed by Uncle Jack and her mamma.

Here was a scene.

All the Colonel could say was that he had come into the room just as Miss Effie threw his precious violin on the floor, and perhaps you can understand how utterly amazed her uncle and mamma were at this, for they had believed their little girl was soundly asleep in her bed, and they had never known her to do a bit of mischief in her life.

And such mischief as this was!

To come downstairs when she had the house to herself in order to break Colonel Wentworth's violin!

The violin was not broken, however.

The Colonel took it carefully up, and caressingly, almost tenderly, examined it, and then drew from it such sounds of harmony that they soothed Effie's troubled spirit, and at the same time made her see what a naughty child she had been.

With tears and sobs she made her confession, and the only excuse for her behavior she attempted was an agitated appeal to Uncle Jack, reminding him that he had said she should play a little violin.

Her mamma was very sorry, and looked so grave and displeased that poor Effie felt almost as if her heart would break; but the kind Colonel suddenly proposed that everybody should forgive her. He said that she had been punished enough by the violin, which had said such harsh severe things to her instead of singing her the sweet song she had expected.

And then he told her to sit at his feet on a little foot-stool, and without another word he began to play to her, and what he played was quite beautiful, and far beyond any music that Effie had ever imagined before.

And it made everybody feel kind and loving, and her mamma kissed her, and said she would forgive her, as she saw she was sorry for her fault; and Uncle Jack declared that he knew she would never be so silly again, and the kind Colonel smiled down into her face; and all were happy.

## HOW IT WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

MASTER WESTLEY, clerk and sexton in the small village of Woodham, was one winter's morning sitting by his cheery fireside, watching alternately the rain, fiercely beating against the latticed window-panes, and the brisk movements of his active little daughter, as she moved to and fro, busy about her household work. Presently she came in, bringing a hat, great-coat, and umbrella, observing: "You will be wanting these soon, father.

It is nearly eleven o'clock." She had hardly said this, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, followed by the abrupt entrance of a little middle-aged man in a state of great excitement, his face red, his hair rumpled, his boots splashed with mud, and his coat dripping with wet.

"Why, Simon, what on earth's the matter?" said the clerk. "You don't look much like a bridegroom."

"Bridegroom! No!" the little man exclaimed with bitter emphasis. "Master Westley, you'll have to tell parson I can't get married to-day."

"Why, how is that?" asked the clerk.

"I can't get Mary up," quoth the indignant and disappointed lover. "I've been rattlin' at her door, and thrown' stones at the winder, and shoutin' till I'm as hoarse as a rook; and I'm nearly wet through with the drippings from the eaves; but I can't get she up. She only jest put her head out of winder for a minute, to tell me 'twor no good for me to stand making a noise there; for she'd never take the trouble to put on her best things, and go out in that powerin' rain jest to marry me."

"Why, Sim! this is rather a bad beginning for people about to marry—isn't it? I'm afraid the gray mare will be the best horse in your team—won't she?" said the kindly old clerk, with a merry twinkle in his knowing brown eyes. "However, I'd better go an tell Mr. Howard, or he will by putting his surplice on for nothing. Shall I say to him that perhaps the wedding may come off to-morrow, if the weather is finer, and Mary will get up in time?"

"If she don't," vowed Sim, glaring vengefully, "she shall never hev another chance. I'm fairly sick of her tricks. We've been keeping company this twenty year and more, and now she don't know her own mind a bit better than a girl in her teens. But I won't stand it no longer. She ain't going to treat me like a dog, or a mat for her to wipe her feet on. There's Widow Biggs would hev me any day, and glad; and a nice comfortable woman she is too! The wedding-ring shan't be long in my pocket for want of a wearer. And there, Master Westley," said poor Sim, almost in tears over his frustrated plans and disappointed hopes, "I meant this to hev been a reg'lar jolly day. I'd got in a barrel of beer, and a spare-rib of pork, and we wor going to hev parsties and pancakes, and a mort of good things beside, to make aspree of it; and now, it's all knocked on the head, and everybody knows I'm made a fool of into the barggin."

"Cheer up Sim!" said Master Westley.

"It is aggravating, I'll own; but Mary isn't a bad sort, though she has rather a crusty temper."

"She has been very true to you; and it would be a pity for two such faithful lovers as you've been, to part over a little tiff at last. I believe Mary is jealous of the little widow. You know people did say once that you were rather soft on her."

"It was a big story!" burst out Sim.

"She tried to hook me: but I never gave her no encouragement."

"Didn't you walk with her from church last Sunday?

"I heard that you did, and carried little Joey all the way home; and kissed him when you put him down at his mother's door."

"Well, he axed me to give him a kiss, so I couldn't do no otherwise. There wor no harm in that, seeorly."

"Certainly not. Only, you see, as Mary lives just opposite, and saw it all, she very likely thought you'd be better engaged kissing her, instead of hanging round the widow's door.

"Depend upon it, she's jealous; and she's got a high spirit of her own, and is acting like this to make you think she doesn't care whether she has you or no. If she thought there was real danger of losing you, she'd come round in a minute, as tractable as you like."

"But how can I make her think so?"

"Well, you won't be doing any work to-day, and it's dull idling about doing nothing. Take and brush yourself up smart, and go and have a chat with Mrs. Biggs. Take some oranges and sweets for Joey. Don't look at Mary's house; and kiss the boy in front of the window, where she can see it all.

"She'll be more jealous than ever. But if she doesn't marry you to-morrow, I'll eat my head."

"Ah, Master Westley, you're a deep one, you are!" said Simon, regarding his astute advisor with admiration. "But it don't seem to be ezackerly straightforward to dew so; and I ain't fond of smarmin' babies over with kisses. Still, if you think it'ull bring Mary up to the scratch, I'll e'en try it. If it don't, marry Sukey I will, without any more shilly-shallying."

Master Westley then started for the rectory; and Sim paid his visit to the widow.

He remained in her snug little house some time; and must have acted his part uncommonly well, for he had hardly reached home again, when he was visited by his old sweetheart.

That eccentric spinster, ignoring her own wayward conduct that day, attacked Sim with a storm of reproaches, accusing him of fickleness and falseness in forsaking her for "that sly, little widder; and after keeping company with me for so many years!" she plaintively added.

"No," said Sim stoutly; "'twor no fault o' mine. I was ready to do my part this morning. It was you as run word. But I'll eat humble-pie no longer. If you don't want to hev me, I know one as does. I'll marry you to-morrow, if you like. If you don't, I'll never ax you again!"

Mary was a tall, black-eyed, comely-looking spinster of forty or more, reputed to have a hot temper and a shrewish tongue; but for once she kept both in check.

It was evident that Simon meant to be trifled with no longer.

Moreover, she could not help secretly admitting that he was right, and admiring his spirit and manly determination. It would never do to let so good a fellow and so faithful a lover fall a prey to a designing widow—not to mention the humiliation she would have to endure!

Next morning the rain-clouds had cleared off, and a bright sun poured its rays through the old church windows upon Mr. and Mrs. Simon Peverett as they walked from the altar-rails into the vestry, to enter their names in the parish register. Sim, with a broad grin on his face, laboriously executing a big black cross as "his mark," informed the rector that he was "a sawyer by trade" and that his "gal had been of age this twenty year!" after which he turned to his friend the clerk, with a knowing wink, and said in an under-tone,

"We did it well between us, didn't we! Mary was up at six this morning, and hed to wait for me! I've got the whip-hand, to begin with; and I promise you I won't give up the reins again." Then he added in a louder tone, as they were about to leave: "Now, Master Westley, you must come and help we eat the wedding-dinner. The pork and apple-sass will be none the worse for waiting a day; and my Missus and me'ull make you as welcome as flowers in May. There won't be happier folks in Woodham. And, Master Westley, you shall hev some of the finest logs in my timber-yard, to keep up your fires this winter. I am not the man to forget a good turn or an old friend."

BE ANXIOUS when you relate anything to tell it just as it occured. Never vary in the least degree. The reason why our cars are so often saluted by false reports is because people in telling real things add a little to them, and as they pass through a dozen mouths the original stories are turned into something entirely different.

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# New Publications.

The Philadelphia Mining Directory for 1881 and '82" is the title of a work that will be found extremely useful to those interested in mining matters. It contains a full list of all the companies doing business in this city, with names of officers, location, prospects, etc. Compiled by George M Wallace, editor of the *Bullion Miner*. Price, 50 cents.

[illegible] a novel, from the German of E Hartner, by Mrs. A. L. Wister, Philadelphia. Mrs. Wister's judgment in selecting is commensurate with her skill in translating and adapting, and a story which she endorses by giving it an English dress is one which may safely be set down as interesting. That is the case with "Severn," which, both as a narrative and a study of character and manners, is a work of unquestionable merit. In its perusal Mrs Wister's host of readers have a treat in store. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

The completed numbers of *Scribner's Monthly* from November, 1880, to November, 1881, are published by the Century Company. They make two volumes of nearly a thousand pages each. As a treasury of art and literature they have great value. The best taste, the most unwearied enterprise, and the most fertile resources have been devoted to the production of the material comprised in these pages. The highest order of literature is here represented, and in the art features are hundreds of illustrations in which the genius of the artist and the skill of the engraver are conspicuous. *Scribner's Monthly* has been characterized by a lavish liberality in its dealings alike with authors and artists. The books form a most desirable ornament for the centre table, and their engravings may be examined again and again with no diminution of the pleasure they afford. The specific features in the work have been often alluded to in this department of our paper, during the past year. For sale by Lippincott & Co., this city.

"Higher than the Church" is an art legend of ancient times, translated from the German of Von Hillern by Mary J. Safford. It is an interesting little story, containing all the somewhat mystical and half gloomy characteristics of the author. It is not remarkable in any way; but will do very well for an hour's reading. Published by W. Goldsberger, N. Y. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

"New England Bird Life." This is the first part, Oscines, of a Manual of Ornithology revised and edited from the manuscript of Winfred A. Stearns by Dr. Elliott Coues. It is divided into sections comprehending General Definitions, Preparation of Subjects for Study, The Subject of Faunal Areas, On the Literature of New England Ornithology and Birds of New England. The book aims to be an epitome of bird life in that section, and includes brief descriptions, local distribution, migration, relative abundance, etc., with general information respecting habits. It is written to serve the purpose of a hand-book on the subject, and its make up, matter, and numerous illustrations excellently serve this purpose. It is valuable to and should be received by all interested in our native birds. Elegantly printed and bound. 320 pages. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers. For sale by Claxton & Co., this city. Price, $2.50

MAGAZINES

*The North American Review*, although published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., owned and wholly controlled by its editor. Messrs. Appleton & Co.,' in view of recent articles that have appeared in it, will decline to act even as its publishers after the close of the present year.

*Appleton's Journal* for December is as rich as usual in attractive contents. It contains: Riches, a story from the German, My Troubles in Russia, Schools in Florence; The Decadence of Frenchwomen; Civilization and Equality; The Geysers of the Yellowstone; Of the Buying of Books; Le Jeune France; The Bleak Wind of March, etc., etc. The various departments also have much that will well repay perusal. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

*The Popular Science Monthly* contains in its December number the following highly interesting articles: Deterioration of American Oyster Beds; Physical Education; The Rise and Progress of Paleontology, Studies of Vortex-rings; Equality and Independence in Sex; A Half Century of Science, Catholicism, Protestantism and Suicide, A Map Review; North America in the Ice Period; An Experience in Science Teaching; Disease Germs, etc., etc. A better scientific work than this could not be published. Appleton & Co., publishers. 50 cents a number.

The contents of the *Magazine of Art* for December are of the usual variety. The frontispiece is a beautiful etching, The Fisher-Folks Harvest. The reading articles, all of which are grandly illustrated, are: A Brighton Treasure House; The Waning of the Year; An American Humorist in Paint; The Earliest Cathedral Windows; Door-Knockers; An Artist's Idea of Sketching; The Love Affairs of Angelica [illegible] The Royal Courts of Justice; [illegible]uilibrium, etc., etc., with well-filled departments. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York.

[illegible]ber number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, which completes the second volume of the new series, is an excellent specimen of this bright and entertaining periodical. I. The opening article, Fishing in Virginia Waters, by John C. Carpenter, is a fresh and lively piece of writing, and beautifully illustrated. Through the Ardennes, is by Dr Felix L. Oswald, whose descriptive powers are here displayed to the best advantage. The illustrations are excellent and copious. Some Impressions of an Open Air People, by Anna Bowman Blake, [illegible] out-door aspects of Paris in winter. Dr William Hunt writes on Popular Fallacies about Surgery and Doctors; Chauncey [illegible] advances some views on the subject of the Presidency, and Alfred Terry Bacon gives a graphic description of a Colorado Round up. Sherwood Bonner's serial, The Valcours, is brought to a happy and ingenious conclusion. There are also a large number of excellent short stories and poems by leading authors. J. B. Lippincott & Co. publishers.

*The Edinburgh Review* for October contains the following interesting articles: [illegible] Stanley's Christian Institutions; Albania and Scanderbeg; The Koran; Dauphiny. The Pontificate of Leo XVIII.; Ballads and other poems by Tennyson; Helmholtz and Carter on Eyesight; Colonel Gordon in Central Africa; The Fallacies of Fair [illegible] etc. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

[illegible]nts of the *Eclectic Magazine* for December include very interesting articles on: Four Centuries of English Literature; The French and English Pol[illegible] Life in Mediæval Venice, One Faith in Many Forms; Notable Assassinations; The [illegible]e Telegraphs; The Jewish Question; [illegible]hins Food and Physic; The Decadence of Frenchwomen; The Carrying Trade of the World, Rossetti's New Poems, etc., etc. There is also considerable interesting fiction and well-filled departments. E. R. Pelton, publisher. For sale by W. B. Zieber.

*St. Nicholas* for December is a grand number. Whether in respect to matter or illustration, it is equally worthy of the highest praise. It would be idle to attempt to enumerate its many beauties; the only way to get an adequate idea of its excellence is to get the work and read its pages. The best writers for children on both continents are represented in its pages, and the best artists illustrate. Subscription, $3.00 a year. The Century Co., New York.

NEW MUSIC

We have received Nos. 23 and 24 of Saalfield's Excelsior Musical Libraries. Better cheaper form could not be published. [illegible] contain the following excellent vocal and instrumental selections: Guardian Angel, Gently Rest; I Built a Bridge of Fancies; Monastery Bells; Absent; My Star of Home; Desideri [illegible] Duet from La Mascotte, and Garfield's Funeral March. Issued monthly. Yearly subscription, $1.00. R. A. Saalfield, 815 Broadway, N. Y.


If You are Sick Read

[illegible] liquid form, [illegible] easier, but the dry [illegible]

[illegible] for your [illegible]

Allcock's Hair Restorer

[illegible]ating the skin or exciting the [illegible]ndruff and itching of the scalp [illegible] does the most [illegible] fail to turn [illegible] to [illegible] received by the highest authorities [illegible] apparatus in the world." Send for circular. 1335 Chestnut street, Philada., Pa.

PEARL'S White Glycerine has a remarkable affinity for the skin, making it soft and smooth. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

FAY'S Roofing Materials for Roofs and Ceilings in place of Plaster. Samples free. Camden, N. J.

The Triumph of Genius.

No man in this country can [illegible] ephemeral popularity may, for a season, [illegible] efforts of the charlatan or the empiric, later fraud will be unmasked and a deceived public awake from its delusion. The introduction of any really valuable appliance, either for the comfort or enjoyment of mankind, [illegible] will resort to every art, [illegible] every subterfuge to circumvent the intended effects of inventive skill. Hence, he whose acquired home-life seeks to distribute among the humbler classes sources of pleasure and happiness once within the attainment of the wealthy only, must anticipate opposition, both bitter and ungenerous. Manufacturers who have long enjoyed a monopoly as grasping as unscrupulous, will regard with unfeigned malevolence, and in figurative denounce any man who dares reveal their abuses or expose their impositions upon a too credulous public. The Hon. Daniel F. Beatty is a felicitous illustration of the triumph which genius and merit combined can [illegible] Beatty either in the [illegible] or their [illegible] the arrogant monopolists sought to accomplish h[illegible] The [illegible] integrity is a bulwark against whi[illegible] hurtless, and it is [illegible] the honour. No [illegible] variety of musical effects and fluency [illegible] stone. The "Mozart," the chief [illegible] native genius, challenges the admiration of all who appreciate the finest musical combination and the most wonderful instrument ever presented to the American people. A careful perusal of the advertisement of Mr Beatty cannot but prove of interest and advantage to all who desire a beautiful organ at a price unparalleled in view of its superiority and excellence.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

When death was hourly expected all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. James was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally found a preparation which cured his only child of Consumption. His child is now in this country enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this Recipe free, only asking two three-cent stamps to pay expenses. This herb also cures night-sweats, nausea at the stomach and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address, CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

Imperial.

[illegible] or leave New York City, save Baggage and Carriage Hire, stop at Grand Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot, [illegible] elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A Beautiful Revolver Free!

[illegible] to introduce their mammoth Literary pa[illegible]

Old Gold Bought [illegible] Clark, Reliable Re[illegible] gold or silver. [illegible] Send by mail or ex[illegible]

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

In Homes of Families

Stomach Bitters is as much regarded as a household necessity as sugar or coffee. The reason of this is that years of experience have proved it to be perfectly reliable in those cases of emergency where a [illegible] are overcome by it.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1882.

FOR THE LITTLE GIRLS.

New Style

DOLLS!

[illegible] doll [illegible] of [illegible] Ton, Jewess, [illegible] old Dresses. [illegible] five the first afternoon. Photographs taken.

HOPE M'F'G CO., Providence, R. I.

How DR. C. W. BENSON'S

Celery and Chamomile Pills

Build up the Nervous system and positively cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and Dyspepsia. It has been proved that they successfully ward off all danger of Paralysis, Apoplexy and Sudden death. [illegible] the Nervous system is something wonderful, and the [illegible] thousands of people avail themselves [illegible] remedy, while it may be [illegible] ver, as they do not physic [illegible]

Paralytics that have not walked for two years have been fully restored by these pills, and thousands of cases of Sick and Nervous Weakness pronounced [illegible] might there have certainly been [illegible] Fully [illegible] paper. Sold by [illegible] 100 Nassau [illegible] Boxes for $1. [illegible]

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external [illegible]. All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE ONLY MEDICINE

IS EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM

That Acts at the same time on

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

[illegible] Humors are therefore forced into the Blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

WILL SURELY CURE

KIDNEY DISEASES,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why suffer [illegible] pains and aches?

Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?

Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?

Why endure nervous or sick headaches?

Use KIDNEY-WORT and rejoice in health.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin [illegible] packages, one of which makes six quarts of [illegible] Liquid, can be very Concentrated, for [illegible] travel. [illegible] It acts with equal efficiency in either form. GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt.

Will send the dry post-paid.

HADDOCK'S,

914 Arch St., Philadelphia.

IS THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY

Beautiful Holiday and Picture Cards.

104 Elegant Cards in A Neat Box, for 50 Cents.

100 Neat Sample Cards for 25 Cents.

[illegible] Lots of Rustic Cards at prices below cost. Buy your cards from the Manufacturer, and save 50 per cent.

70 [illegible] 70

[illegible] Boston, Mass. [illegible] Box 2, Northford, Ct.

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

# THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor-saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them; and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist on its being used **exactly by the directions,** and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.

*The Saturday Evening Post* also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

## A Person of Refinement,

*The Saturday Evening Post* said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

## A Person of Intelligence,

*The Saturday Evening Post* said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

## A Person of Honor,

*The Saturday Evening Post* said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

## And Sensible Persons,

*The Saturday Evening Post* said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.

## Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

## The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

**AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.**

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions: } Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

1st. Enclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage-stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

# The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

**Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.**

**The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.**

## THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash water gets ever so dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been SET by the old way of washing.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

NEXT, the blue-water; which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use scarcely any bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal; it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving; it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft; try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin; it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps.

*ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF*

# FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

## 718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

# Grains of Gold.

Steel likes to be called gray silver.

People love truth, but invite the lie to dinner.

The destiny of life is developed with each day.

How quickly the old are forgotten by the young.

No one is fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

It is weak and vicious people who cast the blame on fate.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

An avaricious man can have no high opinion of Heaven.

Resist the first temptation, and the second will have no chance.

Do not judge how quickly a thing is done, but how well it is done.

Twang on a golden harp, and the people will admire your playing.

How contrary and eccentric seems one who thinks for him or herself.

As gold is purified in the furnace, so is character refined by suffering.

Hope softens sorrow, brightens plain surroundings and eases a hard lot.

How few there are who do not rejoice to profit by the calamities of others.

Make no decisions while the memory of an injury is still fresh in the mind.

One needs a deal of wit to afford to be witty not at the expense of the heart.

The result always proves that in contention it is better to listen than to speak.

Some enter so thoroughly into the hope of good, that they do themselves harm.

The quality of timeliness is a valuable one, and we should look to it in all we do.

The sweetest thing on earth is a little child when it has learned to know and love.

A wise man watches the development of his plans; and then bends his energies to waiting.

Many a youth has ruined himself by forgetting his identity and trying to be somebody else.

Remember for what purpose you were born, and, through the whose of your life, look at its end.

When things are said merely to please us, we ought to be careful how we open our ears to them.

There is no rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in the course of a thousand years.

Fortune detests cowardice; and the man who will not be conquered by trifles is her prime favorite.

Calumny and detraction are but sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.

Wish not ill to others, for that very disposition renders us the more liable to receive it ourselves.

The philosopher should be a man willing to hear every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself.

Poverty is often called the mother of rest, and perhaps when truly compared with riches it is found so.

In all things there are two ways. When one does not know which to take, it may be best to attempt neither.

When animals please or benefit us, we ought the more to act the same to them, being possessed of reason.

A patient and humble temper gathers blessings that are marred by the peevish, and overlooked by the aspiring.

The incapacity of men to understand each other is one of the principal causes of their ill temper towards each other.

Devotion to friends is muted less by the esteem we have for them than the fuss they make over us. Whence comes it that we are so often deceived.


**Insomnia.**

One of the almost invariable results which follow the use of "Compound Oxygen" is to give the patient sound and refreshing sleep. A lady writes of her daughter: "The continued use of Compound Oxygen soon gave her healthy and refreshing sleep, and all anodynes are abandoned." Says a patient: "Since using your remedy my sleep is natural and good. My spirits are in a much more healthy condition. I have no need of anodynes." Another writes: "Before I commenced taking it (the Compound Oxygen) I did not sleep any at night, had no appetite, and my cough was so troublesome that I had no rest. Since I commenced taking it I have slept well at night; my appetite has very much improved; I scarcely cough at all; and, in fact, I feel better in every way." Another says: "I was perfectly sleepless, often three nights in succession, followed alternately by one night of horrible slumber, known as nightmare; now sleep is restored, mind clearer, step firmer, all healthy action greatly increased." Another lady, referring to her daughter, says: "My daughter has improved in flesh, and looks well. She sleeps well of nights—sleeps all night, a thing she was unaccustomed to do. Before taking the Oxygen, wakefulness was one of her troubles. I can see that she is much less nervous, and in better spirits." A gentleman, writing of his wife, says: "I have followed your directions as nearly as possible. Have left off all the medicines and stimulants my wife was taking, and the result of your treatment so far has been more satisfactory than anything preceding it. She has been able to sleep good at night without the use of chloral, a thing she could never do before." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, with large reports and full information sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard st., Philadelphia, Pa.


# Femininities.

Women's rites—Marriage ceremonies.

A lover often brings his winter girl to terms by sleighing a rival.

A little old maid says that the smallest women look hopefully to Hymen.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she got married. Take courage, ladies.

A woman's beauty is not a source of as much satisfaction to her as another woman's ugliness.

Why is it said it is better to have a bad wife than a good one? She brings one soonest to repentance.

Gambetta says that the strength of France is in a great measure due to the thrift and industry of the French women.

The Venus de Milo is well called a model of a perfect woman. There is youth, grace and beauty—without fingernails.

The woman who will write an anonymous love letter, says a society critic, is not worth knowing—certainly not worth loving.

Because a Cincinnati thief is a woman worth $40,000, the police conclude that she is a kleptomaniac, and kindly conceal her identity.

A married woman said to her husband, "You have never taken me to the cemetery." "No, dear," replied he, "that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation."

Old lady Snoggs don't believe the moon is inhabited. "For," says he, "what on airth becomes of folks in the moon when there's nothing left of it but a little streak?"

"Frivolity," says a contemporary, "probably leads more men and women to the insane asylum than the hardest and intensest pursuit of mental or material wealth."

It is said that opium-smoking is rapidly on the increase among American men and women, a low estimate giving five thousand white persons who indulge habitually in this practice.

A lady writes that no man will stare long at a woman who does not stare back. That sounds very well; but if she does not stare back, how is she to know whether the individual has stopped staring or not?

A New Haven young woman has twice postponed her marriage after the wedding guests had assembled, giving no reason, except that she was not quite ready. The affianced husband is still inclined to be hopeful.

"Will grandpa go to heaven?" asked a little girl of four, of her mother. "Certainly—I hope so," was the answer. "I don't," replied the child, "because he will stamp his cane and say, What's all this racket?"

Russian gossips now say that Sophie Perowsky, who planned the assassination of the late Czar, and was executed for it, was, unknown to herself, his illegitimate daughter. Her uncle was the first tutor of the Czar.

An eccentric and wealthy unmarried lady of Stettin, Pomerania, has bequeathed $60,000 to the city on condition that it will found an asylum that will give shelter to forty single women more than 50 years old, and to ten old bachelors.

A collier's wife at Neath, Eng., having been frightened by being told that the world was coming to an end in a few weeks, cut the throat of her infant, and then her own. The child may recover, but the woman is expected to die.

An old lady who does not believe in the co-education of the sexes, was rejoiced the other day to find that, although the girls and boys in a large seminary seemed to be playing some sort of a game together, the school authorities had wisely hung a long net between them.

There is an old lady of Newburyport, Mass., in her ninetieth year, who, a few days ago, was out coasting with the young people, and appeared to enjoy the sport as much as any of them. She complained, however, that the young men did not hold her quite so tenderly as they did the girls.

The complete independence of man and wife, where property is concerned, is nowhere carried to such a point as among the Indians of Central America. Every day the husband buys his meals from his wife, who purchases from him raw material for the table.

Two aristocratic beauties of the Spanish colony in Paris, Senorita Penedo and the Countess Multedo, had a narrow escape from being suffocated by natural flowers in their hair and the trimmings of their ball dresses, as they were returning home from Queen Isabella's last soiree in a closely shut-up carriage.

Beauty is not everything. A pretty face and an amiable manner may win a husband, but something more is necessary to retain his admiration. When beauty begins to wane, the enduring qualifications of a good wife hold him in the bonds of love and duty; and one of the best qualifications of a good wife is the ability and inclination to make home attractive.

A prominent author writes: "What I am about to record may surprise some people, but I have always noticed that in women who have an extremely small mouth there is seldom observed that amiableness of disposition and character which is so frequently found in those who have a handsome mouth of moderate size."

A sweet thing in millinery is a lizard large enough to surround the bonnet crown. A stuffed alligator, not a full-grown saurian, of course, but one of those charming infant reptiles which adorn the tanks in local shop windows, would doubtless appeal favorably to some female minds if recommended by a responsible modiste as suitable to certain smiles and complexions.

Anna Beckley decided to give Bayard Dailey the preference over Henry Carsinger as a suitor, at Logansport, Ind. She told Carsinger so the next time he called, and he went away. Dailey met him near the house, and on entering asked Anna for a knife with which to kill his fancied rival. She refused to give him the weapon, when he took it by force and killed her, declaring that she should not live to favor the man whom in reality she had just dismissed.

# News Notes.

The Prince of Wales is 42 years old.

The very latest slang—"Well, I should shiver."

Cork trees are being successfully raised in Georgia.

St. Petersburg is said to be the unhealthiest city in the world.

There are 53 Sundays this year. Christmas and New Year's Day fall upon Sunday.

Newfoundland dogs have been kept by the city, in Paris, to save human life in the Seine.

Deer slaying has been rare sport in northern New York this season, over 1,000 deer having been killed.

The North Carolina colored people are running a State Fair which promises to be very successful.

The winner of six hundred dollars in election bets in Denver has given the money to a charity hospital.

Many of the early books of the common law are in manuscript, hidden away in English law libraries.

It costs a trifle to take the census—nearly $4,000,000 having been thus far disbursed for the 10th census.

Peppermint trees over 480 feet in height have recently been found on the Dandenorg range, Australia.

The Seminole Indians say that God first made the black man, then the red man, and finally the white man.

It is reckoned that a million acres of land have gone out of cultivation in England during the last decade.

Iron can be made so thin that it takes four thousand eight hundred sheets to make an inch in thickness.

At Adrian, Mich., a cake baked at the birth of C. C. Hulet, was eaten on that gentleman's 21st birthday.

Hon. A. H. Stephens now weighs ninety-four pounds, and claims improved health on the strength of it.

In regard to tobacco, it is said that several German towns are, by order of government, almost in a state of siege.

Edmund Yates says that the famous London *Times* is "the worst spelled, and worst printed paper in London."

Land has been sold in London at the rate of $5,000,000 an acre, and in New York at the rate of $8,000,000 an acre.

Robert Browning has published thus far 93,323 lines of poetry, and expects to make the number 100,000 before he stops.

The Toronto *Globe* says that fires in the pine forests of Ontario during the past year have entailed a loss of over $10,000,000.

The London Lancet urges upon the public the importance of breathing through the nose in damp, cold, or foggy weather.

A Pittsburg glass manufacturer proposes to erect buildings of glass, manufacturing the material the size of a common brick.

Sir Garnet Wolseley has published a letter in which he says 90 per cent of the crime in the British army is owing to drunkenness.

Cattle men in the Northwest who have watched the signs of the weather for many seasons, say that the winter will be mild.

One of the later uses to which the telephone has been adapted is that of serving as a fire-alarm apparatus for small towns.

It is said that in one square mile in London where the poorest people congregate over, $1,000,000 a year is spent in strong drink.

John Sanborn, a stevedore, fell 70 feet to the deck of a vessel at Belfast, Me., recently, struck on his feet, and was not seriously injured.

The selectmen of Franconia, N. H., having a large stock of mountains on hand, are making them available by bestowing on them the names of noted individuals.

One Wisconsin county estimates that in eight months the cost incurred through tramps was $3,000, not to speak of crimes and the expenses of criminal trials of tramps.

In France, a pearl costing $10, is now imitated for fifty cents or a dollar, and so successfully as to be sold at the price of the genuine article to any one not a veritable expert.

The ex-Empress Eugenie intends to build a mausoleum on the grounds of her new English home, and will transfer to it from Chiselhurst the remains of her husband and son.

Comanche Bill, whose parents were massacred by the Comanches, and who has taken bloody revenge by slaying 100 of the savages, is a physical wreck at Independence, Mo., the victim of intoxicating drink.

The experiment tried at Grantham, Eng., in dealing with the summer outbreak of scarlet fever, and which consisted in isolating the patients in tents, had the most satisfactory results in stopping the spread of the disease.

The wife of a Michigan Sheriff locked the jail doors on six lynchers who had entered to murder a prisoner. Although this left no doubt as to their identity, and no denial was made of their intention, a jury refused to convict them.


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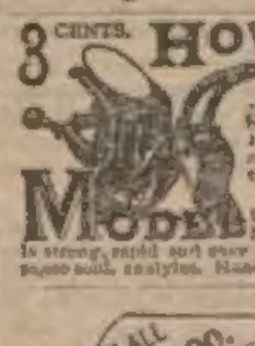


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# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION CHAT.

VELVET is a material which may always be worn, whatever may be the fashion for other materials: and here is a black velvet dress I saw lately: it was made that the train opened over a black satin skirt, fringed with black watered silk ribbon, in its turn fringed with jet.

This double fringe had the happiest effect. It was repeated at the waist until it met the back of the train, and the jacket body which was worn with the dress had a fringe to match round the neck. On the head a little black velvet capote, also fringed with jet, and a blue bird on one side for aigrette.

Another and more quiet dress was of steel grey watered silk, trimmed with velvet ruchings of the same shade, lined with grey satin. A grey cashmere polonaise, embroidered with grey satin cord and steel beads. A steel grey felt toque, trimmed with grey feathers.

Bride's dresses are still made of white satin, with immense trains, and richly trimmed with old family lace when there is any, or with modern point lace when there is no old lace in stock.

The old-fashioned blonde is growing into favor again, and the older and more yellow this is, also, the better. Venetian point lace and Irish lace are also in vogue, but for more ordinary use.

In back lace, which will be employed as much as it was last year for flouncing and draping black silk and satin dresses, Chantilly, Spanish blonde, and Maltese guipure will be worn.

I have seen a very lovely ball dress, which may serve as model for many. It was of white watered silk, with long pointed train. The front was covered with lace frills, and in the centre of the train was a cascade of lace, with a branch of flowers twined in and out the loops.

Another was of white satin, embroidered in front with gold and colored silk in Chinese designs.

The train was of white plush and ruched round with a heading to repeat the front embroidery, which also edged round the shoulders and formed the short sleeves, and chatelaine waist belt.

Vertugadins, or hip puffs, are worn when the dress is made of thin, transparent materials, such as lace, gauze, etc. And gauzes for evening dresses are beautifully embroidered with glittering silks, beads, and metals, reminding us of fairy princesses' robes in childhood's tales.

Waterproofs are mostly made of the Mother Hubbard shape, loose in front, and with the back gathered into the waist by a large bow.

The sleeves are large, and a cape or large collar is added to the neck. Sometimes a leather belt is worn round the waist. All cloaks are large, long, and full, more so than last year. They are very elaborately trimmed.

The plain, untrimmed cloak and paletot remain for those who cannot afford the expense of a satin or velvet cloak, lined and trimmed with fur, or with quilted satin and lace.

For hats we have still the large Gainsborough shape, which is so becoming to the majority of faces. The form, however, has almost as many varieties as there are ladies who wear it.

Every lady twists it about to suit her face. It is covered with feathers, both long and short. The brim is lined with velvet or plush, and either tight or drawn. Ribbons may be added to the feathers; but no flowers are worn on them.

Pokes are also worn, but they look now more like hats than bonnets, and are as crowded with feathers as the Gainsborough.

Capots are worn by elderly ladies chiefly; a very few younger ladies wear them. They have water-colored strings, and also shot-satin strings, which are very becoming to the face.

There are hats and bonnets entirely of feathers, with birds' heads peeping from among them. Plushy-felt is the most used for hats. It is made in all colors, to match every dress, whatever its color may be. Natural feathers will be much worn to trim hats of almost every color, excepting black.

A pretty finish to a house-dress for dinner and evening is the Mother-Hubbard cape of cream-colored gauze or crape. It is gathered in several rows round the neck, and is edged with two rows of deep lace, which quite cover the shoulders.

Another evening cape, also of gauze or crape, has a flat shoulder-piece like a blouse but even in a point in front like a V. This flat shoulder-piece is then covered with crossway folds, and is edged with frills of lace. The lace for these capes is mostly fine and thin, with a pattern, which leaves a great part of the foundation net uncovered.

Another evening cape has the shoulder-piece made high to the neck, and is covered with rows of lace, whilst a double frill is stitched round the neck. To make this frill stand well up round the neck it is tucked to an under straight collar of net, which is not seen through the heavy plaits of the frilling, but keeps it well in shape. Loops of narrow ribbon fasten these capes at the neck, and a little brooch or pin fastens the loops to the cape.

There are also neckties or cravats of soft plaid silk to be worn. Blue foulard neckties and neckerchiefs are studded with white dots, and are worn with blue flannel or black dresses.

White cravats and neckties are not popular this winter for out-of-doors. When white is worn out-of-doors it is seen only as a plain upright linen collar, fastened by a gold or silver stud at the neck. Lace frills may also be worn round the neck for out-of-doors, but not white neckties of any material. Black Spanish lace scarves are still worn, coiled round the neck, and some are bended with jet, or outlined with satin threads.

Dotted lace neck-scarfs are also among this season's novelties, and these may be worn not only in black and white, but also in colors. The spots are as large as a quarter, and are of silk or of chenille, or of jet chenille, or of jet or beads. These scarves are sold already made-up, or they may be made from the piece.

A new lace for trimmings and neck-scarves is called the Mauresque. It is darned like the new old Breton lace. The difference consists in the design, which is much richer in the Mauresque lace, and it has a purl edging. It is heavier and more effective than the Mauresque lace, and better adapted to edge linen collars and cuffs, and to trim thick materials. It is heavy enough to be laid on flatly when used as trimming.

Spanish lace also continues to be used to trim dresses whether for flounces, tablliers, or tunics. It is much in favor to trim house dresses, or wrappers; and for these it is made in all colors to match the dress or wrapper it has to trim. Spanish lace is also more used than any other lace for millinery, and the prettiest of morning caps are made of it, to match the trimming on the wrapper or morning-dress, or tea-dress, etc.

Neck frills are fluted and plaited together, as thus they keep better in shape, and stiffer round the neck.

Pocket-handkerchiefs for ordinary wear have the lady's signature embroidered across one of the corners. The embroidery is a simple sewing-stitch, like that used to embroider the stems of flowers, and may be of white cotton, or of black or colored cotton to imitate black or colored ink.

Caterpillars are in favor for neck brooches and morning caps. They are also worn as ornaments (?) for the hair, and this reminds me that the short curls, which have been lately worn at the neck, are growing longer, especially for evening wear. French hairdressers, however, in opposition to the English rage of cutting the hair short, are bringing out back plaits, quite two yards long, to be coiled round and round the back of the head, whilst the front hair is waved over the forehead; but even these waves are artificial, in order to satisfy the Paris hairdressers, who view with terror the increasing popularity of the English short hair. But girls look so pretty with their hair a la Ninon—and a two-yard plait is so expensive—that the Paris hairdressers will have to yield to the English short-hair rage.

Long loose gloves are still worn over the dress sleeve; they are called cavalier, or velasquez. They are certainly elegant, but they must be made of the best kid. They reach to the elbow sometimes. They have no buttons. In hosiery and shoes and boots there is nothing new this month.

Crinolines are increasing slowly in size.

## Fireside Chat.

### POTATOES.

THERE are two ways of boiling potatoes—both are good. The first fashion is to put them into well-salted cold water; having let them boil until they are nearly done, pour off nearly all the water, set them back on the fire, cover, and let them steam until thoroughly done. Take off the cover, and let them stay a moment or two to evaporate the moisture. The other way is to drop the potatoes into enough boiling water to cover them, and as soon as they are done pour off the water entirely and put back on the range to evaporate the moisture; put the cover on the kettle so that about a quarter of the mouth is left open to the air. When boiled in their skins a tiny piece should be cut from the end of each potato. They must boil from thirty to thirty-five minutes. Always select potatoes as nearly of a size as possible.

New potatoes with delicate skins should not be pared for boiling. Take a sharp, thin knife and scrape off the skins. In the country, new potatoes just brought in from the garden do not even need scraping; a few smart turns with a rough-textured cloth take off the fine skin in a twinkling. But the dwellers in town don't get these ideal potatoes.

For perfect mashed potatoes, pare and boil them as above, and after every trace of the water has evaporated, mash them with your pestle still in the kettle over the fire; they are naught if not kept hot. Get out every suggestion of a lump and as you mash put in a generous quantity of fresh butter, and, if you have it, some cream—if not cream, enough milk to make the potato rich and moist. Salt it to taste, and serve fresh and hot piled up, and smoothed over in a hot dish with a little black pepper sifted on top. Mashed potato which has stood on the stove for a while before serving is poor stuff. If you want the top brown hold over it a salamander or a very hot stove lid, don't put the dish into the oven, that only makes the contents watery.

For potatoes "a la Neige," just press the mashed vegetable through a colander into a hot dish, and serve hot.

Saratoga potatoes are prepared with a little cabbage cutter, which shades off a large fair potato slices of fairy-like thinness. Put the slices for a few minutes on ice or in cold water.

Try your boiling hot lard with one slice to see if it colors properly; if all right, put in a few slices; when of a delicate yellow color, skim them out upon a tin plate with your perforated tin ladle, sprinkle over them some fine salt and then put in your dish. They are as good cold as hot.

Grilled potatoes are among the best of their kind. Take cold potatoes boiled the day before, cut them in two, trim off any uneven surfaces, and lay the pieces on a clean, hot gridiron over clear coals. When they are nicely browned sprinkle them with a little salt, and spread delicately with fresh butter, or with the "green butter" heretofore mentioned in this column. Serve very hot. These are delicious with broiled or fried fish. Instead of broiling, these slices may be fried in nice butter.

A delightful way of using up mashed potatoes left over in this. As soon as it comes off the table, and before it gets cold, pack it tightly into an oval dish which has previously been dipped in cold water. Next morning cut it in regular slices about a quarter of an inch thick and brown them quickly in fresh butter, previously made very hot in a shallow pan. Serve immediately. Potato thus prepared is specially nice with chops. Be sure that you get your slices on your hot dish without their breaking; their fair, large proportions must be preserved.

The best sort of potatoes to accompany beefsteak are the *pommes de terre a la Macon*. Take cold boiled potatoes and cut them up in small slices of paper thinness. Have some hot butter or cream or milk ready in a clean pan over the fire. Put the sliced potatoes in this, salt them delicately, and let them stay until the butter and milk have become absorbed, stirring them enough to assist this process, and prevent burning, but not enough to break the slices. If more milk is needed pour it in; the potatoes should be moist and rich, but there should be no sauce about them. Put them in a hot dish, dust them with a little black pepper, and serve quickly.

Another good fashion is potatoes *a la Ruban*. Take large peeled potatoes and cut them round and round in long shavings. Fry them in boiling lard, drain on a sieve and salt them. If preferred, the potatoes may be cut into long but not thick wedges, and thus fried. Be sure to drain all fried potatoes, as nothing is more uninviting than a greasy mass.

For Lyonnaise potatoes, mince a small onion and fry in hot butter; add some cold sliced potatoes and toss them about until they are hot through and slightly colored; then add a spoonful of minced parsley; serve hot.

For potatoes *a la Parisienne*, cut from peeled potatoes with a vegetable-cutter as many little balls as the size of the vegetable will permit. Fry them about five minutes in boiling lard, being careful that they don't burn. Skim them out and drain, and sprinkle with salt.

These balls may also be stewed in milk, slightly diluted with water and thickened with a little flour. Season with butter, pepper and salt.

Old potatoes when not very good any other way may be thus stewed: Peel them and cut into quarters. Put over the fire in salted cold water, boil, and when almost done pour off the water, leaving a little. To this add a large tumbler of milk, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, a teaspoonful of minced parsley and a teaspoonful of flour mixed smoothly in cold milk. Simmer.

For croquettes mash your potatoes, season with butter, milk, salt, a dash of nutmeg and a dash of cayenne pepper; add the beaten yolk of an egg. Beat thoroughly; and mould up into balls or oblongs; roll these in egg and fine cracker crumbs and fry in boiling lard.

Remember that one of the chief charms of potatoes, however prepared, lies in their being served fresh and hot.

A STRANGE WORD.—"Heroine" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language. The first two letters of it are male, the three first female, the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman.

THE ruins of the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem are to be restored by special order of the Sultan without further delay.

# Correspondence.

L. H. S.—"What is the correct pronunciation of "childe" in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage?" Child.

LYDIA M., (Rochester, N. Y.)—It is unpardonable in a lover to be negligent in his correspondence with his betrothed, and is justly calculated to excite suspicion.

JAMES, (Clay, Ky.)—We do not know where the phrase "as long as the moral law" originated. The moral law is "summarily comprehended in the commandments."

TYRO, (Langley, Va.)—The composition of essays belongs to a high department of literature. No person can write a good and original essay without being endowed with genius.

MINNIE, (Logan, Ky.)—If your parents approve the match, there would be no harm in accepting an engagement ring under the circumstances. On the contrary, it would be correct.

READER, (Monroe, Ark.)—The Leaning Tower of Pisa was built in the twelfth century. It is 190 feet high, and leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular. The inclination was caused by the settling of one side of the foundation.

GEORGINA, (Allegan, Mich.)—It is not polite to praise persons to their face with any degree of warmth, think as we may. But this does not debar one from letting one's friend know on any peculiar occasion how one feels towards said friend.

JULIA, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It may be that he simply intended his presents as tokens of friendly esteem. If he meant them to be tokens of love, you will probably hear from him again, unless he is of a fickle nature and incapable of a constant attachment.

BLACK, (Sande, Iowa.)—To remove pimples. Take the peel from four lemons, press them well, and mix with the juice one wineglass of glycerine and a half wineglass of rosewater. Use after washing and before retiring. This is said to be a good and harmless remedy.

VILLAGE, (Bedford, Pa.)—Ladies calling sometimes send their cards to the lady, if they suppose themselves unknown to her. But if they are known to her, and find her at home, they do not leave cards. You receive the card, when left, on your return, put it in your card-basket—uppermost, if it be a very distinguished card, as you will probably learn by-and-by—and in due time return the visit.

T. B. S., (Middlesex, N. J.)—The profoundly wise do not declaim against superficial knowledge in others so much as the profoundly ignorant; on the contrary, they would rather assist it with their advice than overwhelm it with their contempt; for they know that there was a period when even a Bacon or a Newton was superficial, and that he who has a little knowledge is far more likely to get more than he who has none.

LUKE STRATON, (Buchanan, Mo.)—The year in which tolls were first exacted, of which history contains any record, was in 1208, and the place the made on the river Rhe, the tax being laid on passing vessels. In England, the toll-bars originated in 1267, a penny being asked for every wagon that passed through a certain manor, and the first regular toll was collected a few years later for mending the road in London, between St. Giles's and Temple Bar.

SAVOY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"Qui tam" actions are actions so called in the law of England from the first words of the old form of declaration by which informers sue for penalties, the plaintiff describing himself as suing as well for the crown as for himself, the penalty being divided between himself and the crown. 2. "Quirk," in the sense mentioned, is a small angle or recess between moldings. It is much used in Greek and Gothic architecture, and sometimes in Roman.

JACOBIN, (McLean, Ill.)—No; the "Marseillaise" is not a Jacobite air. It was written by Rouget de Lisle, an officer of artillery in the garrison of Strasbourg in 1792. It received its title from having been sung by a party of the Marseillaise Club as they entered Paris on the invitation of Madame Roland. The song, though less sanguinary in sentiment than most of the songs of the Revolution, was employed as an accompaniment to many of the horrible deeds of that and of later periods.

STICKLER, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—Married people in the situation you mention can be a law unto themselves: it is nobody's business when they are out taking a private walk whether the husband takes the wife's arm or the wife his. But it is different with unmarried people. Etiquette takes them under its protecting wing, and one of its inflexible rules is, that young people of different sexes shall not be too familiar the one with the other. For a young man to take a young lady's arm in walking, especially if they are not engaged, is familiar and vulgar.

AMBITIOUS, (Union, S. C.)—We see no reason why you should not write a story. Begin and try. Call to mind any little incident, comical or tragical, which you have witnessed, together with feelings that you have expressed, and then sit down to describe it tersely, graphically, completely, and concisely. After this, exercise on the same story, and throw in pathos, sentiment, or comedy. Read it over to yourself. If you are pleased with it, take some unfortunate being into your confidence, and read it over to her or him, watch the effect on the unhappy one's countenance, and report progress. After several trials, forward us one of the results.

SAUNDERS, (Door, Wis.)—The greatest care should be given to the finger nails, than which scarcely any personal peculiarity is more indicative of character. There are some who believe that palmistry or the reading of character from the hand can be reduced to a science just as much as phrenology can. If so, it would necessarily be an obscure science to the majority of people; but the signs of character supposed to be indicated by the finger nails may be read by all with a very little study. In the first place, the shape of the nails is very significant. A slender, tapering nail of a rosy hue, with a shell-like, transparent edge, is always the accompaniment of a refined nature. Broad, stubby nails of a yellowish-white color, and with opaque, muddy-looking edges, indicate natural coarseness, though they often accompany great good nature, while the other variety as frequently goes with a shrewish temper. The care of the nails is one of the most important of the minor operations of the toilet. Nails may be greatly improved both in shape and color by proper attention. The best appliance is a nail brush used in water softened by a little borax and fine toilet soap. In well-cared-for nails, the curtain-like rim which surrounds them is pushed back, displaying a delicate crescent at the root.